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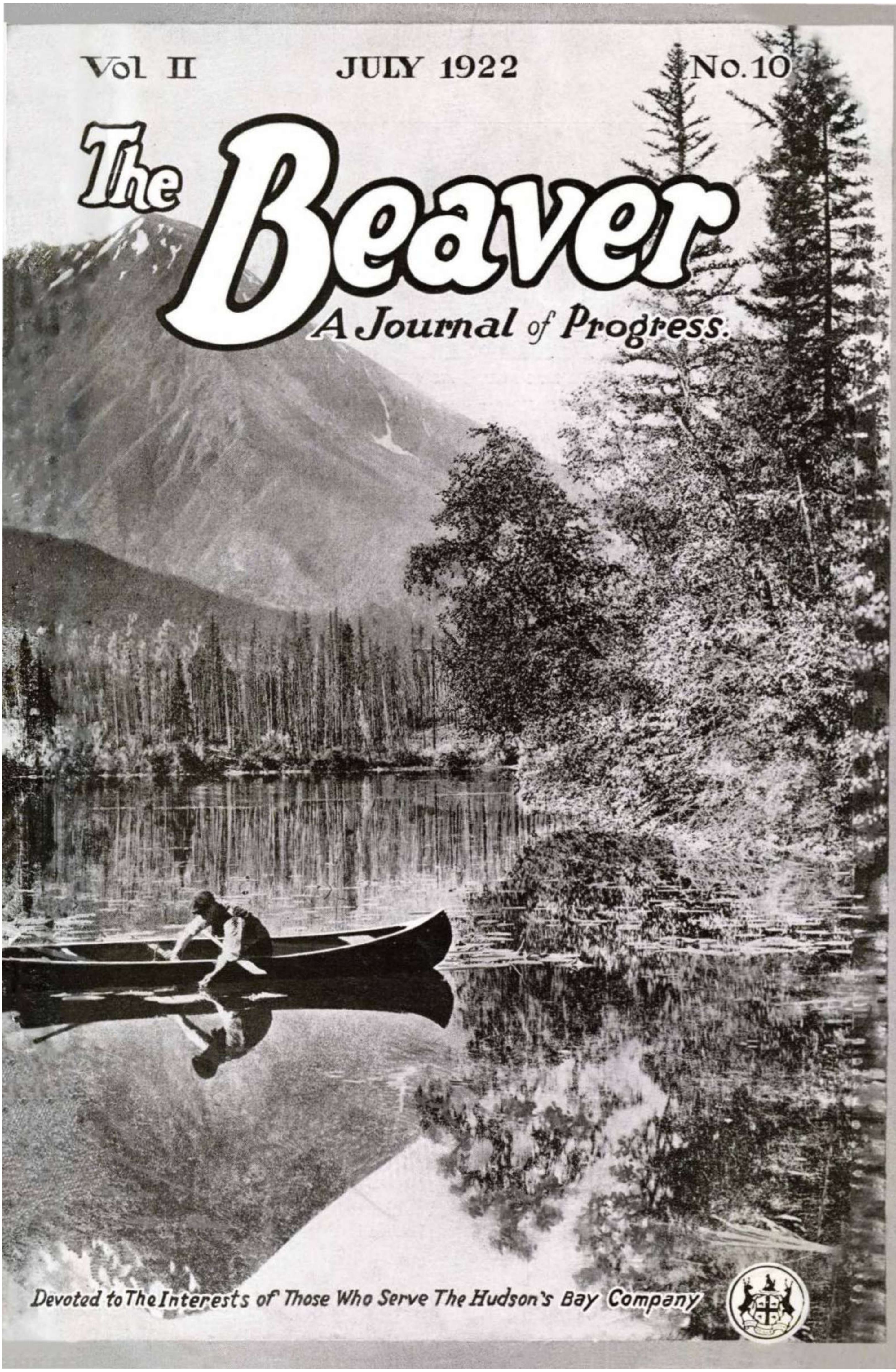
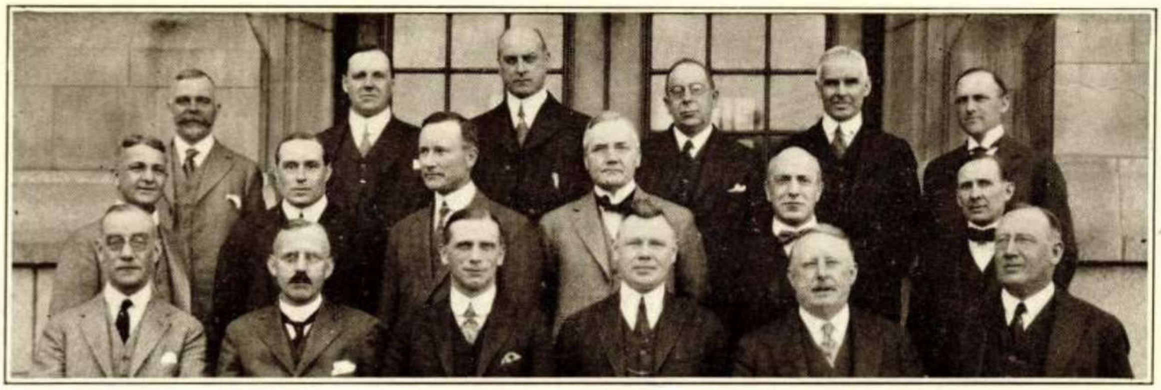
The Beaver

A Journal of Progress.



Devoted to The Interests of Those Who Serve The Hudson's Bay Company



H.B.C. STORES MANAGERS AT WINNIPEG CONFERENCE

Back row (left to right)—*W. S. King*, manager, retail branch, Nelson, B.C.; *W. R. Ogston*, acting manager, retail branch, Winnipeg, Man.; *F. F. Harker*, general manager, retail branch, Edmonton, Alta.; *H. N. Louth*, manager, retail branch, Yorkton, Sask.; *G. A. H. Porte*, general manager, retail branch, Victoria, B.C.; *W. M. McLean*, secretary, stores administration, Winnipeg, Man.

Centre row (left to right)—*H. H. Hollier*, merchandise superintendent, Winnipeg, Man.; *J. S. Andrews*, manager, retail branch, Kamloops, B.C.; *Fletcher Sparling*, general manager, retail branch, Calgary, Alta.; *J. M. Gibson*, assistant stores commissioner, Winnipeg, Man.; *A. E. Dodman*, purchasing department, Winnipeg, Man.; *J. S. Smith*, general manager, retail branch, Saskatoon, Sask.

Front row (left to right)—*Walter Fowles*, manager, eastern buying agency, Montreal, P.Q.; *A. J. Morton*, manager, wholesale tobacco branch, Vancouver, B.C.; *L. R. Barnett*, manager, retail branch, Vernon, B.C.; *W. L. Ogden*, manager, retail branch, Lethbridge, Alta.; *H. T. Lockyer*, general manager, retail branch, Vancouver, B.C.; *C. W. Veysey*, general manager, wholesale depot, Winnipeg, Man.

Second Annual H.B.C. Store Managers' Conference

By W. M. McLEAN

THE second annual Store Managers' Conference was held at the Fort Garry Hotel, Winnipeg. The sessions began on Monday, May 29th, and concluded on Friday, June 2nd, under the chairmanship of Mr. J. M. Gibson, assistant stores commissioner.

A very comprehensive agenda was placed before the convention, and a great many matters of vital importance to the organization were dealt with.

A pleasing feature of the convention was the luncheon held on Tuesday, May 30th, at which were present as guests the following members of the Canadian Advisory Committee:

Sir Augustus M. Nanton
Mr. Edward FitzGerald
Mr. G. W. Allan, K.C.
Mr. James Thomson

Those present listened with attentive appreciation to the encouraging remarks addressed to them by Sir Augustus Nanton and the other members of the advisory committee.

A genuine Hudson's Bay Company spirit was in evidence throughout the convention, all realizing that the deliberations were for the purpose of furthering the interests of the "Old Company." What is particularly gratifying to the Stores Administration is the expressions heard on all sides of the determination of the managers to return to their individual stores imbued with the desire to support and cooperate in the upbuilding of their respective organizations. Mr. Gibson, as chairman, was lauded for his courtesy and tolerance in handling the meetings, and expressions of regret voiced that his co-partner, Mr. Braidwood, was unable to be present, owing to his absence in England.

FORT NORMAN

History of H.B.C. Post on the MacKenzie River, Lately Become Famous Because of Its Proximity to Oil Fields

By F. C. JACKSON

(From Notes Compiled by R. Douglas, Secretary, Geographic Board of Canada)

THE origin of Fort Norman goes back to the great days of the fur trade ushered in by Sir Alexander Mackenzie's discovery of the river that bears his name in 1789, when the Montreal Scotsmen who united to form the far famed North-West Company girded themselves to fight the still stronger organization, the Hudson's Bay Company.

Fort Norman occupies a commanding position on the east side of the Mackenzie river just above its confluence with the clear, swift flowing Great Bear river, which drains Great Bear lake. On the far side of the Great Bear river looms up that huge precipitous mass of stone and shale known as Bear Rock. The H.B.C. trading post at Norman, however, has occupied many other positions in its time: on the Mackenzie river itself, and the islands in it, on Bear river, and even on the shores of Great Bear lake, about ninety miles away.

It is uncertain whom the name "Norman" commemorates. It may be either Alexander Norman McLeod or Archibald Norman McLeod, both of whom were prominent in the northwest about 1800. The year in which the first Fort Norman was built is also uncertain, but one fort was in existence there in 1810.

Among the earliest North-Westers to trade on the Mackenzie river was Duncan Livingstone. On a journey in 1799 down the river past Fort Norman to trade directly with the Eskimos, instead of through the intermediary of the Indians, he and four companions were massacred by the Eskimos just below the ramparts, which are about one hundred and forty miles below Fort Norman. The scene of the crime would coincide with the location of the present Fort Good Hope.

About this time, according to the missionary, Petitot, Alexander Mackenzie, known as "Big Neck" to distinguish him from the explorer of the same name, built a post on Great Bear lake near the outlet of the Bear river. Mackenzie was very quick tempered, and when his men objected to living on fish while he revelled in the luxury of reindeer tongues and other delicacies and went on strike, he drew his sword and threatened to "let daylight through them." Later he repented and sent them a supply of fresh meat, tea and sugar, just in time to prevent their desertion. George Keith, the explorer, wintered at this fort 1811-12. Sir John Franklin spent the winter of 1825 and part of that of 1826 in a fort in the same vicinity known as Fort Franklin. At this time Fort Franklin was situated on the west bank of Mackenzie river some miles above its present position.

After the abandonment of Fort Franklin by the famous Arctic explorer, the buildings were burned by the Indians who came every year to fish in the crystal waters of Great Bear lake, which, by the way, is some 11,500 miles in extent.

It was in the cabin of one of these fishermen that Lieutenant Hooper, of the Pullen expedition, spent the winter of 1849-50. Petitot, in 1866, sought for the vestiges of Franklin's fort, but

H.B.C. Post at Fort Norman. Bear Rock at Left.

all that he could find were the fireplaces. He counted eight of them in the officers' quarters alone, and concluded that the explorers knew how to keep themselves warm with their huge open fires built of mud and boulders.

In 1863, Fort Norman was moved from the Mackenzie river to the neighbourhood of Fort Franklin. Here, in 1866, Petitot found Nichol Taylor, an Orkney man, in charge, a cheerful little fellow of about sixty years of age and with thirty years' service in the Company. His second wife, an American, had died in childbirth a few months before and he was bringing up their baby boy on the bottle. He also had two daughters, Jenny and Laura. Taylor adopted an Indian boy, whom he christened Richard Taylor. This boy, now quite an old man, is still a reliable old hunter, and whenever he is in the fort helps in the store as interpreter, for he can read and write, as well as speak, both English and Indian.

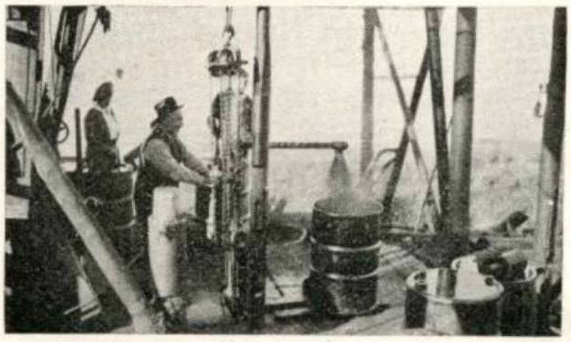
The finest trout in the northwest are caught in the Great Bear lake, averaging from thirty to thirty-five pounds each, but sometimes, narrates Petitot, the weight increases with the telling—witness the conversation I had with Mr. Taylor the very day of my arrival at Fort Norman. He told me that he had in his young days caught a trout that weighed fifty pounds if it weighed an ounce. The following year the weight of the trout had increased to sixty pounds, and in 1868 the trout had increased in avoirdupois to sixty-five pounds! Fishermen are evidently much the same the world over.

Taylor changed the position of the fort five or six times during his tenure of office, and in 1869 moved it to its present position on the Mackenzie river. Among other Scottish post-managers of Fort Norman were William Mowatt, 1834-37, and his successor Adam McBeath.

C.T.Gaudet, manager at Fort Norman 1900-21, was born in the service, being the son of the late Factor Gaudet, who died at Winnipeg while en route to Montreal. C.T.G., or "Tim" as he is known throughout the Mackenzie river basin and the delta, is a well known character to anyone who has visited this district.

The present post manager is Innes Ewen, who comes to this post after twelve years' service in the Hudson Bay district. He brings with him his wife, who came out from Aberdeen in 1919, and a fine baby boy, both of whom are the admired favorites of the present population of Fort Norman.

Fort Norman now musters twenty white people, with constant visitors from the oil camps of the Imperial and Fort Norman companies, which are situated at varying distances from eight to sixty miles below the fort on the banks of the Mackenzie river.



Turning on the Imperial Oil Gusher

Kangaroo in B.C. Wilds?

Indians Discover "Flying Bear"

By R. E. HENDERSON

THIS is the story of the "Flying Bear," a new animal said to have been discovered by Chief Malcolm, of the Nelson Indians, in far northern British Columbia. Big Chief Malcolm and his tribe inhabit the remote and unexplored B.C. wildernesses north of Prince George which stretch all the way to the Arctic circle. The story of the flying bear came to *The Beaver* from Robert E. Henderson, of Fort Grahame, some 200 miles north of Prince George. Mr. Henderson's letter was mailed on April 2 and only reached Winnipeg on June 21st. Here is the letter:

"Indian Malcolm, chief of the tribe of meat-eating Nelson Indians, traveled for thirty sleeps over the divide onto the Akil river, then down to Fort Grahame, and after many cups of tea told the following story of the flying bear:

"This animal was as large as a small bear, had smaller feet, would run a short distance and then seem to fly for several hundred feet. Judging from the chief's description the head was not unlike that of the kangaroo. One of the animals was shot by Indian Dan a number of times and was finally killed by a shot that reached the heart. The body was covered with coarse hair and the feet with tough skin similar to the beaver tail. The Indians have named this species the Leob Bear, or devil bear. Indian Frank Pere, the interpreter of this story, claims to have seen at different times tracks that resemble a small bear's tracks, but more pointed in front, on the divide in the unexplored regions between the Upper Finlay and Nelson rivers.

"The truth of this legend is vouched for by Indian John, medicine man from Hot Water creek.

"The story was told Thomas A. Perry, chief trader for Hudson's Bay Company at Fort Grahame, and the writer."

Weds Commissioner's Daughter

THE marriage of Jas. G. Woolison, of the fur trade commissioner's office staff, to Minnie Brabant, elder daughter of Angus Brabant, fur trade commissioner, took place at Winnipeg June 7th.

The appreciation of the head office staff was shown in a handsome present of silver, which was also contributed to by G. R. Ray, district manager for James Bay, and S. T. Youngman, district manager for Saskatchewan.

The numerous presents received were an evidence of the popularity of the bride and groom, and the good wishes of the fur trade staff are better expressed by, "May they live happily ever after!"

The bride and groom have gone to Fort Smith, Athabasca, on their honeymoon. This was the home of the bride while her father was serving in the north.

To Write Thesis on H.B.C.

G. Hasted Dowker, B.A., has been awarded the $500 McMillan fellowship in connection with the University of Manitoba. Mr. Dowker will spend the next year studying for his master of arts degree and preparing a thesis on the development of the Hudson's Bay Company and its relationship to the Dominion.

Long Service With H.B.C.

THE photograph, taken by Mr. J. L. Henry of the H.B.C. fur warehouse at London, shows seventeen members of the staff, all of whom have been associated in one capacity or another with the Lime street office or warehouse. The total service of these men is 502 years, an average of more than 29 years each.

Standing—Left to Right—

Jennings, G. W.	18 years service
Marshall, C.	17 years service
Copping, A.	40 years service
Forbes, J. D. J.	15 years service
Ingrams, F. C.	35 years service
Rendall, J. H.	38 years service
Ollis, H. G.	21 years service
Sewell, P. E. H.	20 years service
Drew, J. R.	16 years service

Sitting—Left to Right—

Bunch, J.	36 years service
Smith, F.	38 years service
Bland, A.	43 years service
Bowen, G.	54 years service
Faux, J.	39 years service
Sach, J.	32 years service

In Front—Left to Right—

Witteridge, F.	22 years service
Grogan, W.	18 years service

H.B.C. Medals to Pioneers

THE Vancouver Pioneers' Association will have every year a gold medal to present to the man or woman it desires to so honor.

The medal will be presented annually by the Hudson's Bay Company. The first medal is not ready yet, but will be prepared this month. Its disposal has not yet been decided upon, but there has been a decided opinion expressed by G. R. Gordon, George Munro, W. D. Burdis and others that the medal should go to H. J. Cambie, a past president and a very representative pioneer.

H.B.C. Marine and River Transport News

THE new H.B.C. steamer *Athabasca River* was launched on June 3rd at McMurray, her sponsor being Mrs. John Sutherland, wife of the chief engineer. Mr. Sutherland has been over thirty years in the Company's service, and both he and his wife have been long resident in the North, so that the christening of the Company's latest river steamer by Mrs. Sutherland was very fitting.

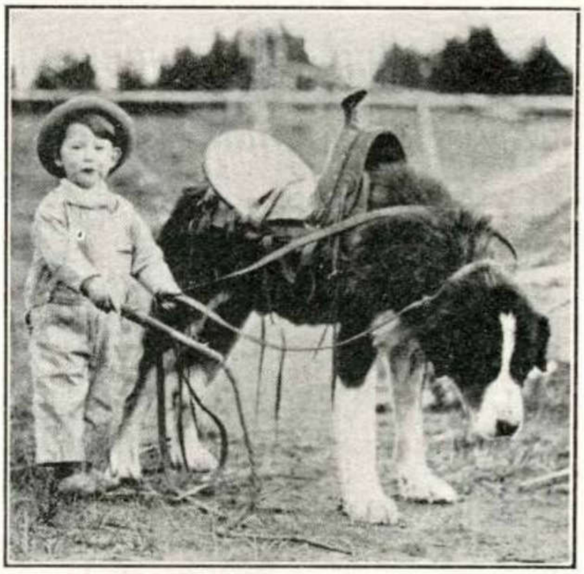
The *Athabasca River* left McMurray on June 15th on her maiden voyage for Fitzgerald. The speed displayed came up to all expectations, and she can be looked upon as the most powerful and complete vessel on the Athabasca-MacKenzie route.

Lady Kindersley Sails

WITH a full and general cargo of goods, a shipment of canoes and motor boats built specially for the Eskimos, the H. B. C. Arctic Schooner, *Lady Kindersley,* Captain Foellmer, sailed from Vancouver June 17th for Herschel Island, Baillie Island, Coronation Gulf and other Acrtic posts of the Hudson's Bay Company. This is the second Arctic voyage of the vessel. She is expected to return to Vancouver late in September.

Mr. Angus Brabant, fur trade commissioner of the Company, with headquarters in Winnipeg, was in Vancouver on official business, partly in connection with the sailing of the ship.

Mr. Frank C. Ingrams, secretary to the board of directors of the Hudson's Bay Company, London, was also in Vancouver when the *Lady Kindersley* sailed for the north. Mr. Ingrams will return east this month and sail from Montreal on a tour of the company posts on Hudson Bay on board one of the Company's regular steamers plying in that section.



A "Rough Rider" of the North—little Roy McDermott, son of the H. B. C. Post manager at Fort Simpson, N.W.T.

The Multitudinous Caribou

HENRY T. Ford, manager of the H.B.C. fur trade post at Baker Lake, which is an extension of Chesterfield Inlet, 1100 miles north of Winnipeg, writes:

"I have been on the Labrador Coast, Hudson's Straits and James Bay for twenty years and in two days last summer (1921) I saw more deer than I have seen in all my life before.

"They were so thick that the ground on the west side of Baker Lake was rutted and torn the same as if it had been ploughed. All the ponds and lakelets were nothing but dirty, muddy water, and it was impossible to get even a drink of water without going to some large lake.

"As far as the eye could see, the whole country was one moving mass of deer. Even the very air smelled of deer, and what with the grunting of the young ones and the stamping of the hoofs of the old ones it was impossible to even sleep if one wanted to.

"I may say that I did try to get a few winks but it was not safe: I was afraid of being trampled to death. We had to beat a hasty retreat for our whale boat, which was anchored in the main lake (Baker) some miles away, and sleep in it.

"After two days of this, there was not one deer to be seen for miles and miles around. The young deer had been born just before this. The natives said the caribou trek was to escape the blackflies."

Friendship

FRIENDSHIP is a great thing, not only to the man who receives it, but to the man who gives it. When a man passes on, his friends and acquaintances are wont to gather round, with tear-dimmed eyes and solemn faces, and tell what a splendid fellow Jim was and how much he was loved by all who knew him, and how many were his virtues.

But why didn't they go to him and tell him a few of these things while he walked among men? Why do men wait until we are gone to say good things of us? To the young man with a lifetime of possibilities opening before him words of approbation and friendly encouragement are the most precious jewels. And many an older man, looking back along the road he has traveled, can see many places where that road might have been made easier and smoother if he had received now and then some word of approval or commendation. Such a word at an unexpected moment might have been the means of spurring him on to greater heights of accomplishment and broader fields of endeavor.

We are all of us too prone to withhold the word of friendly praise—to knock and criticize rather than to boost and endorse the actions and motives of others; because it takes courage to go to a man and tell him face to face and man to man, that he deserves praise and approbation—much more courage than to tell him he is wrong. Yet this is true friendship.

The world needs friendly people. Do not be meager with your praise where praise is justly due. It is the word of kindly approval from our fellows that gives us confidence in ourselves and in each other.

The gospel of good-will is a splendid one to pass along. Not tomorrow, after your friend is dead and gone, but today —now. Your word of good-will and friendly endorsement may be all that is needed to kindle the spark of inspiration that lies in the heart of every man. This is Friendship, and it makes the world a better and happier place.

H.B.C. Quality

HORACE F. McDOUGALL, of Petrolia, Ont., and G. R. Kennedy, of Acton, Ont., were visitors at the offices of *The Beaver* June 17th. Mr. McDougall exhibited a wool rug, purchased by his grandfather from H.B.C. at Winnipeg in 1875, which though constantly in use to the present time shows practically no signs of wear.

Even the bright border colors have remained fast through many washings and exposure to sunlight. The rug apparently is one of a pattern designed to appeal to the Indian trade of that day. Mr. McDougall is now using this heirloom as an auto robe and steamer rug. He says it is a typical demonstration of *Hudson's Bay Quality*.

Mr. McDougall stated that he was born in 1880 on Garry Street, Winnipeg, within a few hundred feet of Portage Avenue. His father paid $10 a foot for the homestead property—frontage that probably could not now be purchased for $1200 a foot.

Presentation to Mr. Patterson

ON the occasion of his retirement from the managership of Lake Huron district, A. W. Patterson was presented by the staff of the district, on June 5th, with a mahogany humidor and set of pipes, and also, on behalf of Mrs. Patterson and himself, with a handsome silver tea service and tray.

Following is the address read by W. M. Ross, assistant district manager, to which Mr. Patterson briefly responded by expressing his deep appreciation and thanks to the staff for their kindness and thoughtfulness:

On the occasion of your retirement from the service of the Company you have faithfully served for so many years, it is the desire of the staff of Lake Huron district to give expression to the high esteem and personal regard in which you are held, and to extend their best wishes for the future of Mrs. Patterson and yourself.

Since you entered the service in 1876, your experiences have been many and varied, and, while the due performance of your duties often meant hardship, we trust that for the most part you have *found life pleasant in loyally serving our ancient and honourable Company.*

That Mrs. Patterson and yourself will be privileged to spend many years of well earned rest is the sincere wish of us all, and as a token of remembrance I now ask you, in the name of the Lake Huron district staff, to accept these gifts for your good wife and yourself.

Who Was Ananias?

NOTE—This story is not entered in our short story contest.

I HAVE been offered an inducement to write a story. It must be connected through characters or plot with the present day activities or history of the Hudson's Bay Company. It must have a plot and must be between one thousand and fifteen hundred words. Well, that should be easy. Anyone who has lived at a fur post will agree that it is a place just teeming with plots, though many of them are unprintable.

There is the plot of the post manager who, when a stranger arrived to buy fur, had him steered into the house of the chore man and kept there haggling over a lot of fur the Company had already bought whilst we combed the village so that when the stranger got free there was no Indian with a skin (of fur) left.

Again there is the story of the Indian from Manaouan who trained his daughter to marry a white man, and then started out on a pilgrimage with her to find a husband (but that story is not finished, the quest is not ended yet).

My story has no plot. That in itself makes it unique. It happened at Ile a la Crosse between five and ten years ago.

The treaty party were camped in a large marquee in front of the Company house. There were several guests. A Company man, a visitor, had just told us that on his first winter trip he had, on camping at night, with considerable labor chopped a hole through the ice and tried to water his dogs; an old-timer had told of snaring partridges off the willows with his moccassin strings. A clerk from Revillon Freres told of a wonderfully sagacious dog he had. He grew so attached to this dog that, when he took it to Prince Albert with him, he asked the hotel people to allow him to take it to his room. He was told that he might do so on the condition that the dog should not sleep on the bed. Mr. Leader thus began his training in hotel manners. After several stern rebukes, he would not jump onto the bed until his master was asleep, and was very careful to get down on the first signs of the man awakening.

One morning the young fellow awoke in a suspicious mood. The dog was not on the bed, but, through close association with the dog, the man had acquired wisdom. He bent over the bedspread and, finding it warm from the heat of the animal's body, he chastized the brute severely. That dog we had been told was a very sagacious dog, a lead dog. Next morning his master awoke, feeling a "draft." Opening his eyes, he discovered that wise animal standing beside the bed, blowing on the place from which it had recently arisen *to cool it*.

Whilst we were still filled with wonder, up spoke another man. His name shall not be revealed.

"I am on a government mission, you know," said he, "and politicians and government people never lie. I had a terrible experience some winters ago. It was in the month of January. I was stationed for the winter in a lonely spot, and, as I had little to do, I set out a few traps to pass the time. It was my custom to trail behind me a small sleigh on which I hauled my traps, rifle and fur if I got any.

"On my line there was one spot where I had to go round a narrow ledge with a sheer precipice on my right, whilst on my left the rock rose in a perpendicular which it was impossible to scale. I had passed this perilous place such a number of times that it had ceased to give me a thrill. One morning, in the middle of the passage, I suddenly came face to face with a huge bear. If he had wished to do so, Mr. Bruin could not have turned round to escape me. The ledge was too narrow. I was helpless. My rifle was on the sleigh behind me and, even if I could have reached it, I was trembling too much to have aimed it."

The narrator paused. We were breathless.

At last the treaty doctor asked in a husky whisper, "What happened?"

"Why, the d——n bear ate me, of course. What else could he do?" answered our friend of the government commission.

My story, as I said at the outset, has no plot. Moreover, there isn't a woman in it; but, you see, I am a bachelor and naturally know nothing about them. Also, last Sunday I gave it to my cook, who is a painstaking Scotchman, to count the words, and he says it has no where near one thousand words. But never mind, I once met a very successful man whose motto was, "I'll try anything once."

I'll sign myself as a bishop does—*Weymontachingue*.

$2 for the Best Last Line

LIMERICK NO. 1

A chicken thief out after fowls
By mistake grabbed a couple of owls,
But when both of the birds
Began saying strange words

CAN you write a last line for the above limerick? It must rhyme with the first two lines and be of the same meter. For the best last line received before July 25th *The Beaver* will pay $2. Each contestant is permitted to submit not more than five last lines. In case of a duplication of last lines, the first one in will be given preference. Address all communications to Puzzle Editor, *The Beaver*, Winnipeg.

A Hair Census

STATISTICS inform us that fair-haired persons possess, commonly, between 140,000 and 160,000 hairs on the scalp, the number being about the same for man and woman. Dark-haired persons have, on an average, about 105,000, while red-headed persons are said to have only 30,000 hairs. But the latter apparently possess one great advantage in the fact that they retain their hair better, seldom becoming bald. Their hair is much coarser than that of dark or fair-haired persons.

THE ORPHAN

By E. B. Shelton

'Twas a bleak December evening,
With the wind's low steady moan,
And the snow like leaden pellets
Cut our faces to the bone.

My pard and I were mushing
Over a drifted trail
To get some monthly rations
As our last were mighty stale.

We came to a bluff of timbers
When he looked around and said,
"There's a man a-lying yonder
And to me he looks like dead."

Our dogs were strangely restless,
And soon made the stranger's side;
All we heard between his parting breath
Was "Save my child," and he died.

Now my mate was true to his promise
And on that cold December night
Turned his dogs into the blizzard
Driving with all his might.

He'd travelled the trails near Dawson
And by tricks I'd never seen
Was soon at the dead man's cabin,
Which lay hid by a timber screen.

In a cradle near the fireside
Lay a babe of four years old,
An age when such saturnine stories
Must needs remain untold.

As a man of forethought
My pard said, "I guess we'll wait
And mind the tot till morning
For the time is rather late."

Next morn the storm had lessened,
So we mushed off down the trail
To find the lifeless body
With its untold tragic tale.

Then we took the wee tot's father
To the edge of a sheltered bay
And buried the hapless body
In a bank of frozen clay.

The tale of our orphan's mother
Was told in later years,
And while relating to my pardner
His old eyes filled with tears.

It seems that the stranger's cabin
Was a lonely place to stay
And another gent of class and style
Had lured his wife away.

That night when we found the dying man
'Mid the blizzard's whirling groan
Was on his way to seek revenge
For the child he left at home.

But the cold and the bellowing Storm God
Mixed with such jealous hate
Soon brought our unknown neighbour
To suffer the blizzard's weight.

Now my pard and I are old and grey
And the babe's our only joy—
It's the finest kid you ever seen—
A big, strong, strapping boy.

THE BIRCH BARK CANOE

(Continued from last issue)

By H. M. S. COTTER, Cumberland House

AT Moose Factory there were many good canoemen, and one bowsman in particular, John Catchagee, a man equipped with muscles of steel and the eye of an eagle. He was reputed to paddle sixty strokes to the minute and to keep his crew of picked men dancing to this tune for hours at a stretch from early morning to sundown, and where the route was not obstructed by rapids and portages with only one stop at noon.

It is a remarkable thing, and well worth placing on record, that where the Company's transport is carried on by open boats or canoes accidents on the whole have been very rare.

When the character of many of the routes is considered—broad expanse of lakes with their sudden storms; swift-flowing rivers obstructed by dangerous rapids and falls; rivers swollen with freshets and rains or dried up with the heat of summer; treacherous tracking ground where men not only hang on by their hands and feet but by their "eyebrows" as well; gorges and canyons where the most laborious work is experienced getting cargo and craft overland; men up to their waists in water day after day, or sweltering beneath the blazing sun, hurrying across portages with heavy loads and tormented by myriads of mosquitoes and sand flies—to the hardy voyageur of the paddle and tumpline, or "Hudson's Bay harness" as it is termed in York boat parlance, great and lasting credit is due; for as a class they have no equal, and their exertions and willingness to work under great hardships made possible the establishment and maintenance of many posts. These men were the real forerunners of the present day settlement of the country. And to those on whom rested the responsibility of guiding their craft safely to their destinations and delivering valuable cargoes of goods and furs much of the success of the Company's operations at remote points is due. These guides and steersmen were men of sound judgment; able alike to read the skies and waters, hard workers, careful yet fearsome, with full control over their crews and withal of unswerving loyalty to the Company.

To build a six-fathom canoe the bark of from eight to twelve trees is required. This is taken in the spring when the sap is running. The average width of bark suitable is a little more than three feet. Every tree does not give good bark, so that care and judgment is required in its selection.

Before building commences all woodwork is prepared. Cedar is preferred on account of its lightness and strength, but where this cannot be obtained spruce is used. The woodwork consists of timbers, ceiling, gunwales, thwarts, ribbands and stem and stern pieces. Other materials required are pitch and roots, and everything is obtained from the woods free of luxury tax. No nails, putty or paint are needed.

The roots for sewing the bark and other work are generally from the spruce tree. They are pulled up by women, and run in lengths from eight to twelve feet and less than a quarter inch in diameter. These are split down the centre, the heart being discarded, and are then put in boiling water, which not only cleans off the protective skin but toughens and makes them quite pliable. The root is prepared with great care, and when finished is uniform in size and of a rich brown color.

The Indian women also gather the gum from spruce or pine trees—a pleasant occupation on balmy summer evenings.

It requires but three tools to build a canoe: an axe, a "crooked knife," and a square or Indian awl. The crooked knife is the Indian's standby, and is known throughout the country. In shape it is much like a farrier's knife, and held in the same way. He prefers to make it, beating out the blade from an old file or trap spring and displaying much skill in tempering. An Indian-made knife holds its edge and cuts like a razor. Everything an Indian requires in wood is made with this knife—canoes, flatsleds, snowshoes, paddles, net floats and fur stretchers.

A native does not build a canoe on moulds, but he first runs out the timbers and turns them to shape to a great extent by the eye alone—a remarkable gift, since the finished craft has both form and shapely lines. The timbers are uniform in thickness and width, and also are gauged by the eye. The ceiling requires dexterity in the use of the knife. The pieces are made in lengths of five or six feet, three inches in width and run out to feather edges, so that when placed in position the edges as well as the ends overlap. This ceiling not only protects the bark from injury and forms a bedding for the timbers but gives longitudinal strength and stiffness to the canoe.

In some parts of the country the ceiling is placed edge to edge the same as in the chestnut canoe. Both ceiling and timbers are held in place by pressure alone, the timbers butting on the under side of the gunwales, and so well and accurately are they fitted that it is difficult to slacken them in the fall of the year, as is done to prevent the frost from cracking the bark. The gunwales and thwarts are made in one framework, the latter being held to the mortices by sewing with root. The stem and stern pieces are then turned to whatever shape suits the builder's eye, usually a a graceful curve. The high prows are characteristic of these canoes only, and greatly add to their appearance.

Actual building operations commence by first laying a bed of sand on the ground. This forms the "stocks" on which the canoe is built, and is about ten inches in height, with sloping slides, terminating in sharp peaks at either end. It is made compact and solid by beating it down with paddles, and is finished with a slightly concave surface.

The best bark and thickest is now chosen for the underbody of the canoe, which at this stage has been prepared and is comparatively easy to work. The pieces are laid on the bed of sand with what was the inside of the bark on the tree placed outwards. The ends of each piece are neatly trimmed, then lapped over each other and sewn across with root, forming one continuous piece about forty feet in length for a six-fathom canoe. A framework similar in shape to the finished gunwales is next placed on the bark and weighted down for its whole length with heavy stones. This frame gives the builder a rough idea of the general shape of the underbody. The bark protruding from the frame is now turned upwards and held there by driving pickets into the ground alongside it.

About the centre of the canoe the upturned bark stands ten inches high, but rising gradually at either end. It is trimmed evenly for its whole length, and is then ready to receive the "side bark," which is thinner than that first applied. The two pieces are now sewn together with an even overhand stitch, the flat side of the root lying closely against the bark. Here again the dark skinned nymphs of the northern woods show their skill. On the quality of the sewing much depends in the life of the canoe.

More stakes, to which the bark is temporarily fastened, are driven into the ground to keep it in place. All sewing finished, the framework forming the gunwales is now put in place and its proper height and position determined by placing and adjusting small posts beneath it, securing it here and there. This part of the work requires much patience and deftness of hand. When finally adjusted the upper edges of the bark are cut to the contour of the gunwales, a double thickness of bark added, and the whole securely sewn together. The stem and stern pieces are fitted and the root holding the bark to either piece is worked in a neat and fancy pattern. At this stage the canoe presents a crude appearance, with straight sloping side and flat in the bottom.

Throughout the process the "chief constructor" gets many suggestions from his co-workers, friends, relatives and hangers-on, for the whole Indian population usually centre around where the canoes are being built. They form the "blueprints," so to speak, (in their own opinions) for his guidance. No one hurries, and all are in good humour, laughing and gesticulating and telling funny yarns. It is the real Indian summer holiday. Finally he tells all hands to shut up, remarking (which is quite true at some posts) that he alone is the possessor of the handicraft come down to him through generations of master canoe builders for the H.B.C., and starts in to give his craft her lines, first removing the framework and deposited the precious clay in this receptacle. With a strip of the inner stones from the inside, and then working from the midship section towards either stem or stern.

The ceiling and timbers are worked in simultaneously, with much patience and skill, the bark meantime tightening up and conforming to the shape of the timbers.

Much ingenuity is displayed at this stage; for the loosely hung bark in its length of thirty-six feet requires coaxing to assume its correct shape, and the stem and stern are easily thrown out of alignment if great care is not exercised in placing the timbers. When all are in and tightened up, the canoe is ready for pitching; and this is done after the canoe is removed from the "stocks" and turned over. The finishing touches are put on and the craft takes to the water amidst much cheering and shouting and is tried out for speed and general seaworthiness.

Two canoes are generally made at the same time, and it is one of the events for all the young bloods at the post to crowd into them for the trials, twenty-five or thirty paddlers in each canoe.

> *Thus the Bark Canoe was builded*
> *In the valley, by the river,*
> *In the bosom of the forest;*
> *And the forest's life was in it,*
> *All its mystery and its magic,*
> *All the lightness of the birch tree,*
> *All the toughness of the cedar,*
> *All the larch's supple sinews;*
> *And it floated on the river*
> *Like a yellow leaf in autumn,*
> *Like a yellow water lily.*
> —The Song of Hiawatha

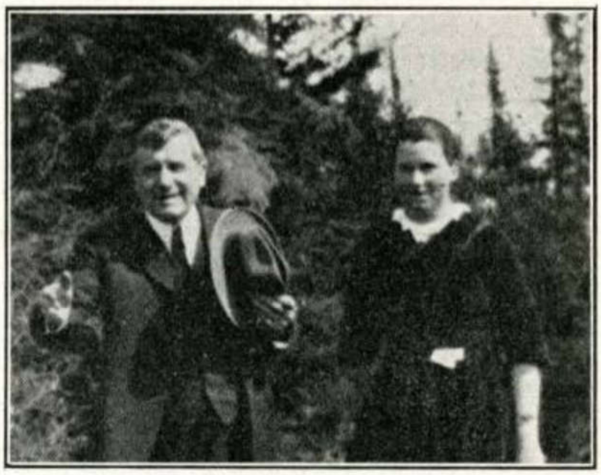
Note—In many parts the building of bark canoes is becoming a lost art (excellent news no doubt for the present day manufacturers), and in the Saskatchewan country, particularly at Pelican Narrows and Cumberland House Posts, a native would not accept one as a gift, and would regret if he could anticipate being found dead in one, albeit his ancestors may have found it a convenient winding sheet.

REASON FOR CAUTION

"Our romance began at the beach. Fact is, the girl who is now my wife saved me from drowning. She's a magnificent swimmer."

"So I noticed last summer. I also noticed that you were pretty careful not to go beyond your depth."

"You bet. You see, I don't know that she would save me again."



"Meet Mr. George R. Ray," district manager for James' Bay, author of "The Land of Silence," who is shown here with his daughter "Kasba" at Moose Factory, headquarters of the district.

THE LEGENDS OF "NE-NA-BO-JO"

(Continued from last issue)

II. The Congress of Animals

THE troubled cry of the Kingfisher, as he flew over the lake, awoke *Ne-na-bo-jo* from his slumbers. The bird could no longer see the fish sporting in the clear water of the lake as on the day before, and he emitted the shrill call that his decendants are noted for to this day.

"Good bird," said *Ne-na-bo-jo,* "be it always your duty to call me from my slumbers." And this is why the Kingfisher is the earliest bird astir. Between the dark hour of the morning and the first faint streaks of breaking day, he shoots from one over-hanging treetop to another, with his piercing black eyes ever ready to detect the fish that ventures too near the surface.

Ne-na-bo-jo arose, stood erect, and shook himself.

The fingers of his left hand still remained closed over the clay ball that the Great Spirit had given into his charge. He saw that it would require the use of both hands to make his way through the forests, so he looked about for something to contain the ball and that he could suspend from his person. He soon espied a gourd attached to a vine close by. This he pulled off, and with a sharp stone that he got from a rock he sliced off one end, scooped out the flesh and seeds and

bark of the cedar, he twisted a thong, with which, through a hole at each side of the opening in the gourd, he tied the vessel and suspended it over his shoulder and down under his left arm.

By this time a new hunger took possession of him, and, as on the night before, he satisfied it by eating of the fat on the lake. Then he shoved back the floating fat with his hand and found the clear water underneath. With this he quenched his thirst and was ready to meet the beasts.

The sun was just breaking over the top of Thunder Cape when there was a rustle in the underbrush, and out sprang a very small animal and ran into the lake.

Ne-na-bo-jo reached out and seized him by the ears, squeezed him through his other hand and cast him up into the bush again.

"Begone," he said, "such a small animal as you to dare partake of the feast first!"

And this is why the rabbit to this day has such long ears and only two little fat spots, one on each side of his shoulders. *Ne-na-bo-jo*'s fingers missed these two places when he stripped the fat off of Bunny.

The next animal to arrive was the caribou, who also immediately jumped into the lake. But *Ne-na-bo-jo* did not like his appearance either, for he followed him into the lake and seized hold of him around the neck with his arms, determined that neither should the deer coat himself with the fat. The caribou struggled to shake himself free, but *Ne-na-bo-jo* did not relax his hold, although he was gradually slipping toward the deer's hindquarters. When the caribou took the ground with his front hoofs, he gave a kick and a bound and left *Ne-na-bo-jo* sitting in the grease and water. This is the reason why a man's stomach is fat, and why the only fat on a deer is on the haunches, the place where *Ne-na-bo-jo* let go of the body.

The encounter with the caribou left *Ne-na-bo-jo* so tired that he made no opposition to the next animal to arrive, which was the bear. He entered the greasy mass and simply floated and wallowed in it.

"Ah!" said the bear to *Ne-na-bo-jo*, "this is nice; this fat will keep me warm in winter, and I can go to sleep and absorb my own fat till the bright days of spring come around again."

And this is the reason why the bear is so fat.

At last the bear had enough and came out and sunned himself on the bank near where *Ne-na-bo-jo* was sitting.

"Well, I declare!" he said. "Look at the beaver; all his body is in the fat but the tip of his nose and his tail. The foolish fellow," Bruin continued. "His tail is so dry and hard that he doesn't know he has left it on the shore."

And this is the reason why the beaver's tail remained bone and gristle.

The other animals of the forest came by ones and by pairs, but only a few were allowed by *Ne-na-bo-jo* and the bear to enter the lake. They were all, however, permitted to eat their fill of the fat.

When the feast was over *Ne-na-bo-jo* called the assembly together and told them that they had all been given him by the Great Spirit, and that he was their master. But, pointing to the bear, who sat on his left side, he said: "This beast I raise to the rank of my *Net-che-qu-wa*."

And this is the reason why Indians all over the country honor and venerate the bear. The skull of the bear is never cast on the ground, but when cleaned of the flesh is placed on a high pole or the branch of a tree.

Some Indians go so far as to make a long speech to a dead bear, something like this:

"Excuse me, my cousin; I beg your pardon for being compelled to be the cause of your death. Nothing but the greatest necessity would have prompted me to take your life; my wife and children were starving. Your flesh will have honorable burial in our bodies, and your bones will be placed on high, ever to remind me when passing this way of the wrong I committed."

The shades of evening were falling on the mountain base when all the animals were dismissed by *Ne-na-bo-jo*. When he found himself alone, he retired a little from the lake shore, broke some branches from the sweet-smelling cedar, made a couch of these and laid himself down to rest.

(To be continued)

Reminiscences of a Hudson's Bay Company's Factor

Sixty Years of Adventure and Service in Various Sections of the Far North West

(Continued from last issue)

By H. J. MOBERLY

HE hid himself close to the cave and presently saw a wild-looking being in a short skirt of rabbit skins come along with a load of rabbits. Throwing down the rabbits, this object picked up a few sticks with which to replenish the fire, and recognizing the sex, he knew at once that she must be one of the three women who had escaped two years before from the Assiniboines. On perceiving him she tried to escape, but he very soon overtook her. She had become perfectly wild and he had much difficulty in getting her to the camp.

She remained with his family for two years. Then the officer in charge kept her as servant to his wife for another two years, at the end of which time she married a Shuswap. She was the only survivor of her tribe.

CHAPTER XX

I Re-engage With the Company in British Columbia

Told by the Indians that there was only one bad canyon in the Fraser river between here and Fort George, we pushed out in our dugout canoe and got to it on the second evening. On going to take an observation of the canyon I saw that no craft could run straight through by following the current, but that it might be done by turning sharply into an eddy formed by a point of rock that ran out from the south shore.

It was very cold, with quite a quantity of ice drifting, but next morning I undertook to run the canyon without going to take a second observation. When I got in, however, I found myself in a fix. The eddy was full of floating ice. There was nothing for it but to get in amongst it and push through, and by some chance I succeeded. The following autumn a party from Ontario got into the same fix, and of five men only two came out alive.

This canyon is about thirty miles from Fort George. We arrived at Fort George that evening, when I found that the letters I had been expecting had been sent forward to Stewart lake, six days' travel up the Stewart river.

We left for Stewart lake next morning. Some ice was drifting, which gradually thickened till we got to where the Stewart river empties into the Fraser lake, just half way to our destination, which took us three days. Here the ice completely filled the river, so that it was impossible to proceed further by canoe. Taking our blankets, grub and other absolute necessaries we started overland to Stewart lake, and, the snow being about eighteen inches deep, took another four days to make the trip.

As the letters from my brother (who was then assistant surveyor-general in British Columbia) informed me that he had been sent to Peace river, I allowed myself to be persuaded by the chief factor in charge of New Caledonia District, Mr. Peter Ogden, to re-engage with the H. B. Company for three years, and to take charge of Fraser lake. This post was situated on the east end of the lake and about thirty miles southerly from Stewart lake, which latter was the head post of the district. The Nechaco river flows into the Fraser about two miles from this point. It is up the valley of this river that the Grand Trunk Pacific proposed to run their line. At the post we raised cabbage, turnips, carrots, onions, potatoes, etc. Quite a large part of the country from the mouth of the Nechaco river up stream would make excellent wheat growing land, and south again a great deal of good soil is found. No doubt these lands will be rapidly settled when the railway is built. The country was full of game—caribou, bear and beaver. It was also rich in fur-bearing animals—marten, fox, mink and otter. Fraser lake was well stocked with fine whitefish, jackfish and several varieties of suckers, while salmon came up from the sea in thousands every summer.

The Indians at both Fraser and Stewart lakes are called "Carrier Indians." They must at some distant period have crossed the Rockies from Athabasca, as most of their names for animals and other objects are the same as are used by the Chipewyans of Athabasca, though not pronounced so gutturally. Their numerals from "one" to "eight" are also exactly the same, but "nine" and "ten" are different.

I remained in charge of Fraser Lake Post till the first of June, 1864, at which date my three years' engagement terminated. During that period the returns were very satisfactory.

As I have mentioned before, the distance between Fraser Lake Post and Stewart lake is about thirty miles. The intervening country is simply a mountain which from Fraser lake rises gradually for fifteen miles and then descends about ten miles to Stewart lake, the post being situated another five miles to the southeast end of the latter lake. I often took a run over both in the winter and summer to pass a few days with my friends at the Stewart Lake Post.

On one occasion I was on my way over the mountain a few days before Christmas, accompanied by an Indian. On reaching the top of the mountain we noticed the track of a bear that had evidently passed along some little time before. As the snow was deep, I knew that he must have been scared out of his hole by something, and looking about for fresh winter quarters, would not have gone very far.

We made camp, had dinner, and started after the bear, leaving our kettles and grub in camp. He had travelled further than we anticipated and had crossed some small lakes and swamps where his tracks didn't show. It was getting late when we approached a muskeg with large mounds of moss upon it. I was ahead, and noticed where the bear had commenced to make a hole. I was advancing with my eye upon the spot when I heard a shot behind me. The bear, it seems, had made his den in another place and the Indian had observed him coming out of it and fired, putting a ball through the brute's nose, who backed into his hole again. We couldn't get him to come out, so were obliged to kill him where he was. By the time we had hauled the carcass out it was pretty near midnight. He was a very large male animal in prime condition.

Stewart lake is a good deal larger than Fraser lake and to the best of my recollection is some fifty miles in length, and at places four and five miles wide. There is any quantity of fish in it. Salmon enter it every summer, and the large salt water sturgeon come up as far as the lake, though they never enter it. The fresh water sturgeon are plentiful here, as in Fraser lake.

The country round Stewart lake is quite unfit for farms, being mostly rock. In fact the whole country is full of detached mountains, and it is only in some of the valleys that any good land can be found at all, but fish abound in all the lakes and rivers—fresh water sturgeon, trout, white fish, jack fish, pickerel, several varieties of sucker and other small fish.

CHAPTER XXI

The Cariboo Gold Rush

On June 1st, 1864, I left the H.B. service for the second time, handing my charge over to the clerk who had been sent up to assume it.

As my account could not be closed till it had been received from Victoria where it must be made out, I decided upon remaining at Fraser lake for some hunting and fishing till August, when I could accompany the H.B.Co.'s boats going down to Fort Alexander, some distance below Quesnelle on the Fraser river, at which place I should obtain the accounts.

One of the first places in which I hunted was up the Nechaco river, in a small canoe with a young Indian lad. The first evening out I shot five beaver. The following morning, as I was about to fire at another beaver, my lad made me a sign, and looking up on the hill I saw a bear feeding. I recognized him

(*Continued on page 27*)

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Throughout the Service

PRO PELLE CUTEM

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A genuis does things the obvious way; other folks try to discover some complicated way to do them.

◆

If you are afraid of your own judgment, you can't blame the boss if he shares your feelings.

◆

A man may boss his first wife, but his second mate is usually captain.

◆

A hundred hurry to catch up where one hurries to get ahead.

◆

The reason most people do not recognize an opportunity when they meet it is because it usually goes around wearing overalls and looking like Hard Work.

◆

A woman has more faith in a string of beads than a man has in suspenders.

◆

The fellow that watches the clock need not worry about his future. He has none.

Historical Exhibit Notes

AMONG the first contributions to the Hudson's Bay historical exhibit at Winnipeg from men in the fur trade service is a considerable assortment of relics from C. H. French, district manager for British Columbia, received by the exhibit early in June.

The contribution includes the coat of arms plate and masthead light of the old steamer *Beaver,* first steamship on the Pacific coast; a copper powder magazine, pair of gold scales, stock locks, a number of country-made tools used on Vancouver Island more than half a century ago, and other interesting relics. This shipment was greatly appreciated, as it will add materially to the scope of the division allotted to "Life in the Service" objects.

A group of bows and arrows obtained from the Coronation Gulf Eskimos has been donated to the exhibit by A. F. Fugl, retired officer of the Hudson's Bay Company who served as district manager for Athabasca. The collection was sent in through F. D. Wilson, of Edmonton.

Two old watercolor sketches of Temiscamingue and Abitibi Posts have been kindly loaned to the exhibit by H. M. S. Cotter, Cumberland House.

E. F. Hardiman, custodian of the exhibit, who sustained a serious injury to his ankle while arranging displays during May, returned to duty, and the historical exhibit was opened to the public on Monday, June 19th. Large numbers of persons were interested visitors to the exhibit immediately after the opening; among them, Arthur Heming, Canadian author and artist, and Edmund Taylor, of Lougheed & Taylor Ltd., Calgary, who was at one time manager of the H.B.C. store at Winnipeg. The register also shows the names of visitors from six of the States.

Will any *Beaver* readers who wish to have a copy of the H.B.C. Historical Exhibit catalog mailed to them, please write?

The 'Phone Speaks

I AM a telephone. While I am not broke, I am in the hands of a receiver. I have a mouth-piece, but unlike a woman I never use it. Fellows use me to make dates with girls and girls use me to break said dates. Husbands call up their wives over me and wives call their husbands down over me. I never get to call anywhere, but sometimes the company comes and takes me out. I am not a bee, but I often buzz. I am the "Bell" of the town, and while I do not get jewelry, I often get rings.

The "Attack" Failed

THE new commander-in-chief of India, Lord Rawlinson, tells an amusing story of an experiment he once made to test the accuracy of oral messages.

"I strung two hundred men out at intervals of two paces," he says, "then I gave a message to my adjutant, telling him to give it orally to the man at the head to be repeated from man to man down the line until it came to me at the other end of it. This was the message: "We are going to advance. Can you send us reinforcements?"

When it came back to me some minutes later it had turned to this: "We are going to a dance. Can you send us three and fourpence?"

A Recipe for Achievement

KEEP your mind on the great and splendid thing you would like to do, and then, as the days go gliding by, you will find yourself unconsciously seizing upon the opportunities that are required for the fulfillment of your desire, just as the coral-insect takes from the running tide the elements that it needs.

Picture in your mind the able, earnest, useful person you desire to be and the thought you hold is hourly transforming you into that particular individual. Thought is supreme, and to think is often better than to do. Preserve a right mental attitude—the attitude of courage, frankness and good-cheer.

Darwin and Spencer have told us that this is the method of creation. Every animal has evolved the parts it needed and desired. The horse is fleet because it wishes to be; the bird flies because it desires to; the duck has a web foot because it wants to swim.

All things come through desire, and every sincere prayer is answered. Many people know this, but they do not believe it thoroughly enough so that it shapes their lives—so that it directs their energies of brain and brawn.

Co-Operation

By L. M. HODGES

WHAT you see in a comb of honey is a pound of perfect sweetness encased in a wax structure that is a triumph of architectural engineering.

You pay twenty-five or thirty cents for this, take it home, spread it on your bread to tickle your palate and help fill your physical fuel bin, and—

What you don't see in this comb of honey is a little army of bees working harder than Trojans ever worked, sucking the ambrosia from thousands of blossoms.

Your pound of honey contains 7,000 grains of sugar. Each clover blossom provides about one-eighth of a grain; so this pound represents the sweet fruitage of 56,000 clover heads.

But the clover head is composed of about sixty florets or flower tubes. To extract the hidden sweet the bee must probe each of these. This means some sixty separate operations on each flower.

If one bee contracted to gather a pound of honey, that bee would have to explore 3,360,000 of these tiny tubes to secure the material. Allowing five seconds for each exploration and twelve hours to a day, it would take this bee some four hundred days to produce a pound.

And this would represent only the gathering of the honey, not the time required for building the wax case and storing the sweet stuff.

But there never yet was a hive with just one bee to each comb.

Nature commands pooled effort.

Hundreds of bees to each comb make a comparatively quick and easy operation of what would be an impossible task for one bee working alone.

So what we do not see in the comb of honey is the greatest of lessons in one of the greatest of success-makers—co-operation.

On every side Nature flaunts this lesson in man's face.

The seed itself is nothing.

Sun, soil and moisture must co-operate with the latent germ in order to produce plant life.

The most solid rock is only co-operating atoms.

The strongest man is weak alone. Only by working with others or winning others to work with him can he achieve worth-while results.

The biggest business is bound for failure if its workers do not co-operate. It is a machine whose parts do not work together. It may run for a while on its own momentum, but it is headed for the dump-heap.

To co-operate is to join forces and something more. It is to join hearts as well as hands, and slip a little soul in the bargain.

Not to co-operate is to court loneliness, life-rust and loss.

The A B C of success is this—be a Bee! CO-OPERATE!

If You Were Locked in a Closet—

If you were locked in a closet and had to continuously rebreathe the same air, it wouldn't be long till you'd die.

Brains die just as surely, if you rethink the same old round of thoughts again and again—if you hold the same viewpoints today that you did last year and ten years before that.

We need new ideas to save us.

Ancient Egypt

"THE great Homer papyrus of 1889 was rolled up as a pillow for the head of the former owner; and its former owner was a young and apparently a beautiful woman, with little ivory teeth and long silky black hair. The inscription on her coffin was illegible, and we are alike ignorant of her name, her nationality, and her history. She may have been an Egyptian, but she was more probably a Greek. We only know that she was young and fair, and she so loved her Homer that those who laid her in her last resting-place buried her precious papyrus in her grave. That papyrus is now among the treasures of the Bodleian library at Oxford, and all that is preserved of its possessor—her skull and her lovely hair—are now in the South Kensington museum, London." So writes Amelia B. Edwards in her book, "Egypt and Its Monuments." The picture helps us to think of that great ancient race with their vast conceptions of the Cosmos and the grandeur of their human designs as their architecture exhibits it, its beings of the same nature as ourselves, with as refined a culture, as romantic a consciousness, as poetic a fancy, as human a sympathy. We are too apt to think of the ancients as monuments and mummies and not as warm, living, loving, breathing men and women like ourselves. If they are not men and women to us we shall never be interested in them or their doings.

Success

NO matter how long we have been holding our job, it is quite natural for us to wonder whether or not we are making good.

Quite possibly some of us have attempted, more or less directly, to find out. We doubt, however, if any one of us has discovered a more ingenious plan than the one perfected by a colored youth.

Walking into a downtown drug store, he asked permission to use the telephone and then called up Mr. Jones.

"Is this you, Mistah Jones?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mistah Jones, I saw yo' ad. in de paper the other day and yo' wanted a cullud boy. Did yo' get one?"

"Yes."

"Is he givin' puffect satisfaction?"

"Yes, he's giving perfect satisfaction."

"Well, Mistah Jones, providin' this cullud boy don't give yo'all satisfaction, yo' just call me at numbah 504."

The boy turned and started out, and the druggist, who had overheard, remarked:

"You didn't do any good, did you?"

"Yes sah," replied the boy, "I's dat cullud boy wots workin' down there. I's just checking up to see how I stand."

Two of the several things that help us to make good are the power to concentrate and a good memory. Have you ever tried to see how long you could confine your thoughts to just one thing to the exclusion of everything else?

Try it and you will discover that five minutes is quite a long period of time.

Work is accomplished and problems solved through concentration; the lack of it has provided the toboggan for many a failure.

Many people are not naturally endowed with a retentive mind, but a good memory can be cultivated and a poor memory strengthened just the same as any physical part of your system.

Too many people have the note-book and memorandum habit; this is much like wearing your arm in a sling when there is nothing the matter with it.

The new reporter will arm himself with a pocketful of copy paper and a half-dozen pencils; the seasoned man will make few, if any, notes regarding a story, and confine his notes only to data of the most important sort such as dates, amounts, and when an absolute quotation must be made.

The ability to concentrate and a good memory will win many a battle for you in business.

The Land of Silence

(Continued from last issue)

By GEORGE R. RAY, Moose Factory

Author of Kasba (White Partridge)

SYNOPSIS

This will lead you right into the story

ALEC MacDonald, who is carrying on a clandestine love affair with *Little Song*, waylays her on her way to her father's abode and she tells him of her father's decision to marry her in a few days to *Was-tay-win*, who is on his way to the fort for the purpose.

Alec strongly protests and tries to persuade her to refuse by promising to marry her himself when his father shall have given him a post. *Little Song* is dubious of any such good fortune ever occurring to her but promises to refuse to marry *Was-tay-win*. This she does and *Napiokeesick* is at once furiously angry.

Little Spoon upholds her daughter and there is a scene. *Sky-man* taunts *Little Song* at setting her cap for a white man and accuses *Little Spoon* with stuffing the girl's head with vanity. A scene between husband and wife follows, during which *Little Song* escapes.

On her way back to MacDonald's house *Little Song* is again stopped by Alec, who is anxious to hear the outcome of her interview with her father. The girl is very excited and very nervous. There is a love scene. Hearing some sound they fall apart and vanish in different directions. *Napiokeesick* springs out of the bushes and shakes fist after Alec.

While the MacDonald family are at breakfast there is an uproar of dogs and a sound of voices before the house, announcing new arrivals. They arise from the table and go to the window. The arrivals are Blake, Watson, and Wilkins of the Mounted Police. Inspector Blake is accommodated in the house, while Corporal Watson and Constable Wilkins prepare a camp in the bush. Blake at once begins to play his cards to win Marjorie. Alec shows a good deal of annoyance at arrival of the police.

After making the camp, Corporal Watson repairs to the trading store to get acquainted with the affairs of the community. Constable Wilkins follows to replenish the commissariat. Wilkins carries a number of magazines which he has brought for Marjorie. This is a subject for raillery. At the store they find McDonald and Marjorie. Social amenities follow. Constable Wilkins presents magazines. Marjorie is delighted. Corporal Watson, notebook in hand, waits impatiently for these socialities to end. As soon as Corporal Watson is alone with the store clerk Rogers he starts his enquiries and writes the answers in his notebook. He is much interested in the description and affairs of Miner, the suspected bootlegger and gambler. Rogers requests Corporal Watson as a favor to close his eyes to the delinquencies of Alec. Watson promptly refuses. Rogers mentions the boy's invalid mother. Watson is obdurate. Rogers angrily enquires whether he has any sympathy or compassion. Watson says both are dictionary words but not found in his constable's manual. Alec comes into the store, stops short at sight of Watson and scowls. Watson treats Alec's dislike with amusement. Rogers pleads with Alec to give up his connection with Miner. Alec refuses.

Watson makes his report to Blake, disclosing his suspicions that Miner is "Smooth Bill," a man well known to the police. Blake orders him to investigate. Blake returns to McDonald house. Alec insults him during supper. Chief Factor MacDonald is furious at Alec. The mother is in a state of great perturbation. She quiets MacDonald with a word. After the meal there is music in the sitting-room. Marjorie sings while Inspector Blake plays the piano. Alec pleads a headache and goes to his room, dons outdoor costume and escapes by the window. He makes his way to Miner's cabin where he finds Miner and his cronies assembled, drinking and playing poker. Alec joins them. Drink is pressed on him. Miner sells them bottle after bottle of liquor. After a time Miner stacks the cards and Alec receives four aces while Jenkins gets a straight flush. Alec, fearfully excited, borrows money from Miner to enable him to continue betting and ends by owing Miner a good deal of money, for which he gives him I O Us. The halfbreed also loses much money and turns ugly, suspicioning crooked work. He warns Alec next day, but is not believed. On his way home, Alec is overcome with remorse and resolves to mend his ways. Miner meanwhile confides to Jenkins his intention to ruin Alec out of revenge for something Chief Factor MacDonald did to him in the past. Miner reveals that he is disguised with a wig.

When Miner is alone he takes an apparatus outside and buries it in the snow. He is secretly observed by Corporal Watson, who exults.

Inspector Blake shoots and toboggans with Marjorie. Alec tries to put a spoke in Blake's wheel by suggesting to his mother that the Inspector and Marjorie are together a good deal too much. His mother refuses to interfere. On one occasion Blake has seized Marjorie's hand and is drawing it towards him with the intention of learning his fate when Corporal Watson comes up, clicks his heels and salutes.

Alec's affair with *Little Song* becomes a source of anxiety. He is in the store alone one day reading a letter from her, which runs: "*Dear Alec, I was at the old place last night and the night before but you did not come either time. I must see you alone. I am in great trouble. There is something I want you to know. Please, please come there tonight and tell me what to do. I am so frightened. Your own sorrowful Little Song.*" Alec crumples the letter and jams it into his pocket and walks restlessly about the store. Engaged in unpleasant thoughts he does not hear Miner come in. After making sure that no one is within earshot, Miner warns Alec that *Napiokeesick* is complaining of him to Parson Armstrong. Alec is at once in fearful panic lest it come to his father's ears and appeals to Miner for advice. *Was-tay-win* comes in with pack of fur upon his back. While Rogers and *Was-tay-win* are engaged with the furs Alec points out *Was-tay-win* to Miner. *Was-tay-win* completes his business and is about to leave when *Little Song* enters. She greets *Was-tay-win* very coldly, but when she goes away she lingers at the door and throws him a coquettish glance.

Miner advises Alec to deny everything. Armstrong comes in and calls Alec aside. Rogers goes out. Miner withdraws out of earshot but gradually draws nearer and listens. Armstrong taxes Alec with paying *Little Song* attention. Alec denies and tries to carry it off in a high-handed manner. Armstrong demands a promise that Alec will discontinue his attentions and Alec, only too pleased to get off so easily, gives his word. The missionary is satisfied. Alec, in a spiteful humor, enquires why Armstrong does not turn his attention to detecting the whisky peddler. Armstrong admits his failure in this respect, but declares that he will do so if the man keeps up his evil work. Then he cautions Alec with the words "Remember Alec, that disgrace to you would bring death to your invalid mother."

The clergyman's words suggest to Miner a scheme by which he may get rid of him whom he finds so very much in his way. He goes home and perfects his plan in all its details, then when Alec calls on him he divulges it to him, for Alec in an important factor in the evil scheme. Bob Armstrong, the parson's son, is bringing a case of whisky from Winnipeg for Alec under the impression that it is a case of photo supplies and has promised not to say who is the owner of the case. Miner resolves to have whisky found in Bob's possession by the police, pointing out to Alec that Bob would keep mum for the sake of Alec's mother. Alec refuses to have anything to do with the evil project. Miner threatens him with his I O Us. Still Alec refuses. At last Miner agrees to take any blame arising from Alec's affair with *Little Song* upon himself. Alec reluctantly agrees to assist in the conspiracy.

In a vile temper Alec meets *Little Song*, accuses her of having divulged their secret to *Napiokeesick* and declares that all is over between them. *Little Song* denies any fault on her part and pleads with him. Alec agrees to resume his relations with her providing she can convince the clergyman, Armstrong that it is Miner she has been meeting. *Little Song* joyfully agrees.

Armstrong is sitting in his study when *Little Song* comes to "fool him." Ostensibly she has come to change a book. He finds her another, then talks to her about Alec. She denies having met him, but confesses to meeting Miner. Armstrong is angry with her and she promises not to meet Miner again. When she has gone Armstrong finds that she has forgotten the book she came for.

(*Now read this month's instalment*)

CHAPTER XII

A Dark Deed

Two days passed.

Miner sat chatting with Mr. Armstrong in the latter's study. The missionary, as has been intimated already, was a kindly, liberal-minded man, utterly without pretensions, quietly at home with anybody of whatever class or creed, and had taken a friendly interest in the stranger from the first day of his arrival in the neighborhood. In fact I am told that Miner was beholden to the kind clergyman for a small window, the only one his cabin possessed—which was altogether likely. Rev. Armstrong, like Stewart Edward White's Rev. Crane was utterly dependent upon the Hudson's Bay Company. Without its assistance he could not have remained in the country at all: but unlike White's pusillanimous parson, he did not allow these obligations to interfere with his ideas of justice, nor deter him from a single act of kindness to his fellowmen.

How Miner repaid the clergyman's friendly interest we already know.

Miner was not looking quite as well as usual; there was a hint of strain both in his eyes and mouth. He had come ostensibly for some ointment for a cut hand, but in reality to hear what the police were doing. Blake and Armstrong were close friends and therefore, he argued, the parson would know all there was to know. But Miner was too cautious and crafty an individual to broach the subject himself. They talked for a long time upon a variety of subjects and then, as the fellow had confidently hoped and expected, the conversation turned without suggestion or initiation on his part to talk on bootlegging.

"I hope the police will catch the scoundrel," said Miner with well assumed indifference.

"For all us newcomers are under suspicion till the fellow is caught."

"The police will catch him, never fear," said the parson with conviction.

A wild, almost mocking smile flitted across the other man's face. "They'll never catch him!"

There seemed for an instant to be a defiant note in the speaker's voice that made Armstrong glance at him sharply. But he saw nothing in his face but the same indifferent look.

"I mean the police have been here some weeks and if they have not been able to discover anything in all that time, they're not likely to do so. No doubt the man has been scared away."

"It is to be hoped not," said Armstrong earnestly, "for in that case he surely will come back when the police shall have gone."

"But surely to goodness they've found something. Tell me, have they actually no clue at all—no suspicion of any kind? Haven't they got on the track of anyone?"

"If they have," returned the parson with a smile, "the Inspector has not chosen to make me his confidant."

The other man watched him narrowly whilst he was speaking, then: "I was hoping you would be able to tell me something," he said, moving away.

"Then I am heartily sorry that I cannot satisfy your curiosity; I do not know anything myself."

Miner walked away from the house with the mien of a man who had nothing to fear from the R.N.W.M. Police. At a turn of the trail he met Alec and Mrs. MacDonald. The boy had his arm about his mother in a loverlike embrace as they strolled along. Mrs. MacDonald returned Miner's salute with a pleasant smile. She had been suspicious of the stranger from the first, but she would have frankly admitted that she really had not much ground for disliking him. In a way she pitied him, for she pictured his life as being one of an eternal struggle for existence, and this touched the kind heart of the gentle little woman, but loyalty to her husband would not permit of her sympathy. Miner was there without the wish or consent of the Chief Factor and this was an offence she could not condone.

Miner had not been home long when the door was thrown open by the half-breed of our acquaintance, who having entered shut it behind him.

The two men stared into each other's faces across the table. Neither spoke. Possibly the half-breed's appearance came as a surprise to Miner, though if it did he allowed no sign to escape him. He received his visitor with characteristic imperturbability. Since he seemed disposed to keep silent till spoken to, the other man spoke.

"I've somethin' t' say t' ye," he announced truculently.

"Then it is fortunate you came," observed Miner, "as I happened also to have something to say to you."

"But I guess I'm goin' t' have my say first," replied the newcomer, making a menacing movement towards him.

"Say on, McDuff," said Miner cooly, and leaning slightly forward he regarded his visitor with keen attention, which the latter, at such close quarters seemed to find disconcerting; the fashion of his countenance did not change but he averted his eyes.

There was a tense silence.

"Well! here I am, ain't I?" Miner reminded him quietly. "What have you got to say? Out with it!"

With an obvious effort the breed drew himself together and forced his gaze back to meet the stare of those grey, unpleasant eyes; then he once more addressed the man before him, the words coming with nervous rapidity.

"I've bin fired, and all along o' you and that blasted ex-Mounty; and afore I start for Le Pas I've come t' have the satisfaction of tellin' ye what I thinks o' ye. Git me?"

Miner was silent, keeping his eyes with the same fixed stare on the speaker's face.

"You and him have bin runnin' a pretty slick little business. Ye cheated me out of a bit o' money t'other night and between ye you've 'bout ruined that kid, MacDonald, the Chief Factor's whelp; but that's none o' my business, I've nothin' t' say 'gainst that; then there's the booze. Yer makin' a pretty tidy penny on that rot-gut. Altogether you've bin coinin' money, but I'm goin' t' spoil yer little game—I'm goin' t' git even with yer."

He paused. The other man's cold, searching stare was getting on his nerves.

"Yer a dirty pair," he finished, jerking the words out nervously. "And ye think ye're almighty smart, but"—slapping his chest—"here's a feller as smart you be. I exposed yer partner t' my chief and got fired fer me pains, but I'll fix you. I've swore t' git even with ye and by God I'm goin' t' do it. I'm on me way t' the Mounties now," he shot out with venomous triumph. "I'm goin' t' inform on ye. I've just dropped in t' tell ye, so's there'll be no mistake 'bout who give ye away," he grinned evilly. "That's all," he added, backing away.

"Are you sure. Why, how modest you are. Come! don't be bashful; have your little say out while you are here."

"That's what I come t' say—and I've said it," doggedly.

For some moments Miner regarded the half-breed in silence, a smile playing on his lips. "Thanks for coming," he said quietly.

The other shifted uneasily and scowled.

"I have listened to you; now listen to me."

"I don't know as I'm goin' t' listen t' ye," the breed broke in truculently.

With a few steps Miner put himself between the speaker and the door. A malignant look came into his face.

"I guess you are, my dear informer," he said.

The addressed started violently; the words were spoken with all Miner's accustomed velvety softness but to the listener they conveyed a menace more terrible than an outburst of invective, and there was something in the speaker's eye that held him in his place.

"I have been expecting you: I knew you would get kicked out of Mr. ——'s camp sooner or later and guessed the kind of revenge you would try to take. But you are not going to manage it, my fine fellow. You dropped in here to taunt me and that will be your undoing. If you had gone straight to the police and afterwards made a quick get-away it would have been wiser and considerably *safer* for you, though I would have got you, even if I had to swing for it." His tone changed. "I'd have got you—you low-lifed informer—you dirty mongrel cur." The words were fairly hurled from the speaker's lips. "You think you are going to inform on me, eh? Well, you have another guess coming. I am going to wring your neck."

At this the breed dodged behind the table and from that vantage ground stood snarling. The other man laughed harshly, his unpleasant eyes glistening. The breed swept the room in frenzied search of a weapon. Suddenly he sprang towards a small axe which lay near at hand, and picking it up, stood gripping it as if he would throw it at his opponent.

"I wouldn't throw that, if I were you," commented the latter.

With a foul oath, the breed took a quick step forward and leaning over the table struck savagely at his enemy, but when the blow should have landed the man was elsewhere and before the assailant could recover his equilibrium the assailed had him by the throat.

Quite a perceptible period Miner held the breed's throat tight, showing such marvelous strength of grip that though his victim dropped his weapon the better to defend his neck from those cruel, relentless fingers and kicked and tore and struggled, he could not break loose; and when released he dropped upon the floor in a crumpled heap, his mouth wide open, tongue protruding, eyes bulging.

All was over with him. Miner had killed him. He had done it very rapidly and in a savage and brutal manner without giving his victim a single minute to make his peace with God.

For some minutes the murderer stood over the huddled mass.

"That's a quietus for him," he muttered, after making quite sure the man was dead. "The damn cur has his reward. But what is to be done now? The police are here. I must be careful. Bah! What does it amount to? One man dead. I have not been outwitting the police all these years for nothing. I need not fear; no one will know the fellow came here. They will think he has walked out, and if he is ever missed it will be along the right-of-way they will look for him—not here. We'll see which is the cleverer, me or the Mounties. Curse them! I wish they would only send up their men one by one against me; I would soon put an end to all the Mounties," he added fiercely, clenching and unclenching his powerful hands.

With that he went to the door, opened it cautiously and listened for some time, trying to discover whether anyone was approaching. But all remained quiet, and this man, hardened in crime, first secured the door and then set about concealing his deed.

Hastily stripping the corpse of every stitch of clothing, he made the garments into two small bundles, rolling them tightly and binding them with strips of the dead man's overalls, which he tore for the purpose. Now and then he stopped in his gruesome work to listen, for he might at any moment be surprised by a visitor. Once there was a noise outside as if of a stifled cry. The sound froze the blood in his veins. "Who's there?" he cried with a convulsive start. For some moments he stood rigid and still, straining his ears. He could feel the perspiration starting out upon his forhead. Then, catching himself together, he moved to the door, drew the bolt with shaking hands and stepped outside. No one was in sight. Satisfied that imagination was playing tricks with him he re-entered the cabin, made fast the door, and went on with what he had been doing when disturbed. When at last this was done to his satisfaction, he took the two bundles of clothing up in his arms and opening the door once more, cautiously bent his steps to the river; carefully avoiding all soft places in the snow which would have betrayed his tracks too plainly. Arriving at a hole in the ice from which he took his daily supply of water, he took an ice chisel which had been left standing at the edge of the hole and broke the ice which had formed since his last visit; and then he dropped one of the bundles down the hole and held it under the water with the ice-chisel until the current caught and whirled it away. He repeated the process with the other bundle and soon both were being carried off and, in all probability, far out to sea.

"Ha! ha!" he muttered. "So far so good."

After this he returned as quickly as he could to the cabin, took a blanket, which he did not intend leaving with the body, and swiftly wrapped the corpse in it. Then with infinite care he searched every inch of the cabin for anything that might serve as a clue in the hands of the police. But nothing could he find. Not a shred of the dead man's clothing remained. Not a single drop of blood had been shed. There was nothing, it seemed, to rise up against the monster and call him "murderer."

Nothing but the ghastly bundle, and that the crime-hardened wretch at once set about concealing. Dragging the body outside he laid it on a dog-sled and made it secure with rope. Then he strode off across the river, dragging the sled behind him.

Reaching the other side, he struck up the river and for perhaps a mile he travelled at a quick pace, but gradually the drag of the loaded sled began to tell upon him; his strength began to fail, and in consequence of this his pace to slacken. Still he persevered. He stood still several times and even sat down, always removing the tell-tale traces.

Eventually, after travelling some three miles in all, he reached a high bank covered with poplar trees. Choosing a spot where the bank shelved to the river he dragged his load with much difficulty to the top, and back into the bushes some few hundred yards with slow and heavy steps.

Two hours later Miner was back in his cabin with a bottle of liquor before him.

"Nothing could have been better managed," he assured himself. "They say that a man who does a deed like this is sure to leave some clue. But I have not done so. The half-breed might never have been here for all sign of him and the falling snow has long since covered my tracks. I have nothing to fear. No suspicion now can possibly fall upon me. But that stifled cry! Whence did that come? Could it have been fancy? It *must* have been the imagination. It *was* fancy!"

He took a book: but it was useless. His eyes wandered over its pages in vain. He closed the book and drank again and again to hide his horrors. The idea of going to bed was intolerable, his nerves had become so relaxed.

"Good God! he exclaimed presently and sank back appalled, for at the moment his imagination created the figure of the half-breed standing before him.

He glared at the spectre with eyes starting from their sockets while every feature was pale with horror and rigid as marble.

There stood the figure, motionless, and Miner continued to glare until the paroxysm of terror had somewhat subsided, when his features relaxed and he spoke again.

"Bah!" said he. "I fear no living man—the dead are powerless."

(*To be continued*)

DOLLAR A WORD

To Kipling an American once wrote: "Hearing that you are retailing literature at $1 a word, I enclose $1 for a sample."

Mr. Kipling complied with "Thanks" and kept the dollar.

Two weeks later the American wrote, "Sold the 'Thanks' anecdote for $2. Enclosed please find 46 cents in stamps, being half the profits on the transaction, less the postage."

WINNIPEG

Standing (left to right)—W. Robinson, C. W. Dempster, H. F. Astwood, A. McCarthy, G. B. Niven, C. M. Thomas, W. Pearson, W. Dalton.

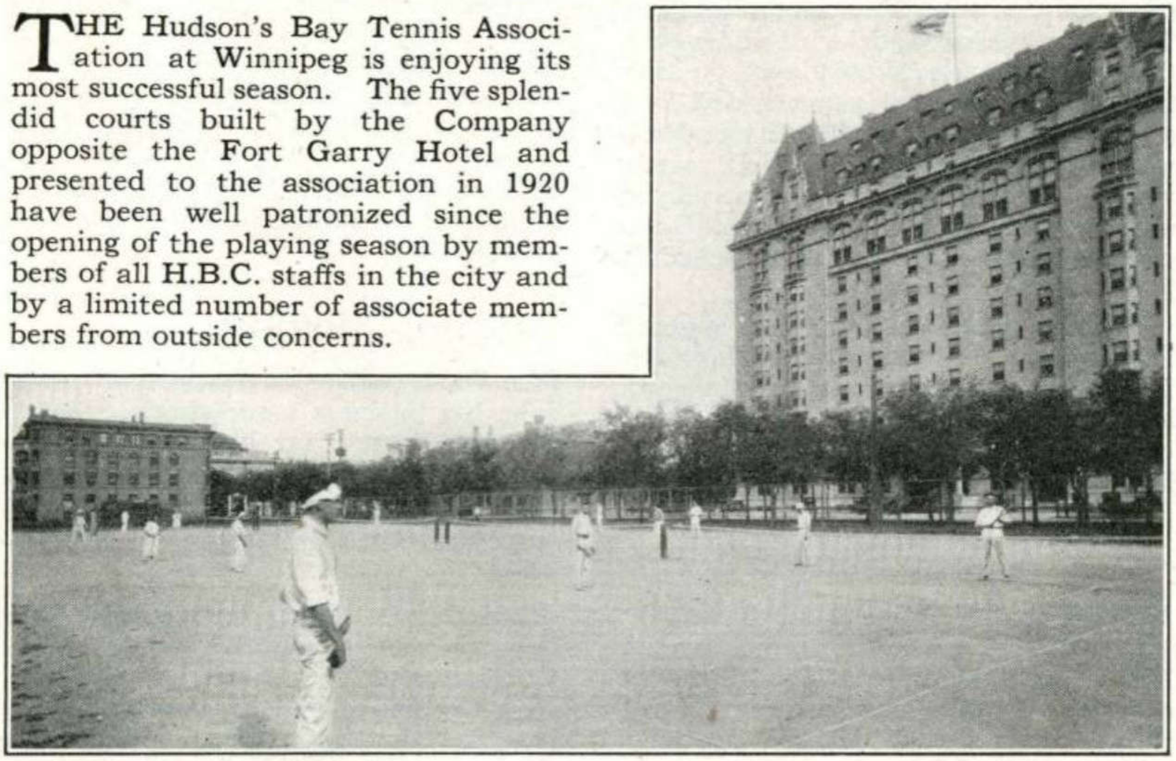
Seated (left to right)—R. Douglas, Miss D. Budden, A. Welch, Miss F. Smale, G. Bowdler, Miss J. Cazal, P. Harrison, Miss M. Hulton.

Tennis Club Doing Well

THE Hudson's Bay Tennis Association at Winnipeg is enjoying its most successful season. The five splendid courts built by the Company opposite the Fort Garry Hotel and presented to the association in 1920 have been well patronized since the opening of the playing season by members of all H.B.C. staffs in the city and by a limited number of associate members from outside concerns.

The grounds themselves never have been in better condition. Through extraordinary efforts of the committee and members, the finances of the association have been restored to excellent shape. After paying all maintenance expenses, including the salary of a caretaker and the purchase of a number of attractive prizes for the championship tournament, it is anticipated that the club accounts will show a small surplus for the year.

A draw was made on June 23rd by Secretary P. Harrison of the contestants in the annual tournament to commence this month. There promise to be some hard fought contests in this event, which will mark the climax of the season.



H.B.C. Tennis Courts on Broadway, a Busy Place in Fine Weather.

Tennis Opening

VICTORIA Day, May 24th, was the day set for the grand opening of Hudson's Bay tennis courts for the season. A very enjoyable time was spent by a large gathering of tennis enthusiasts under ideal weather conditions.

A mixed doubles competition was the feature of the day, and resulted in some hard fought contests. The winners were Miss Burnside and Mr. Douglas, who defeated Miss E. Woodhead and Mr. Pearson. Score 6-3.

Refreshments were provided by the ladies.

An additional item of interest was the prize draw for two fine racquets. The lucky winners were, ladies' Mrs. Elverum, men's Mr. Welch. (Funny thing, luck. Mr. Welch was first prize winner at the anniversary whist drive).

Football

HUDSON'S Bay footballers still show lots of enthusiasm, despite the most unfavorable weather the game has encountered this season.

Rain has caused postponement after postponement, with the result that only three league games have been played in place of the scheduled seven to date. The team has lost 1, drawn 1 and won 1. Crescent Creamery were played on May 29th, and a spirited game ended in a scoreless draw. June 5th, Street Railway were visited and H.B.C. easily won 6-0. Games have yet to be played with firemen, Whitla's and Stovel Company before the first half of the schedule is completed.

Practice matches have also suffered from the uncertain weather. However, improved form is shown every time out, and there's every reason to feel proud of the football team that represents H.B.C.

A June Shower

THE home of Mrs. Goodwin was the gathering place of some twenty H.B.C. girls the night of June 12th, the occasion being a surprise party and shower in honor of "Hilda" Goodwin, a bride-elect of July.

Many lovely gifts of chinaware, linen and cut glass were presented the fortunate young lady, and these were very daintily brought in by little Miss Evelyn Stewart, niece of the bride-to-be.

Dancing and singing were indulged in, together with appropriate refreshments, to the delight of all present.

Those present from H.B.C. were: *Misses D. Blums, P. Hall, L. Boake, G. Simms, D. Budden, G. Kennedy, E. Legg, E. Cail, B.* Galloway, *D. Curwain, N. Despatis, O. Gilson, S. Indridason, F. Winslow, F. Tattersall, A. Earins, L. Booth, Miss McLoud, Mrs. Campbell and Mrs. Halford.*

Brave Man

CONGRATULATIONS were showered upon Sidney Kaufman last month on the occasion of his marriage to Miss Susannah Knott at St. Mary's Cathdral, June 8th. This is his second voyage upon the sea of matrimony, and we extend to him best wishes for all the happiness he so greatly merits.

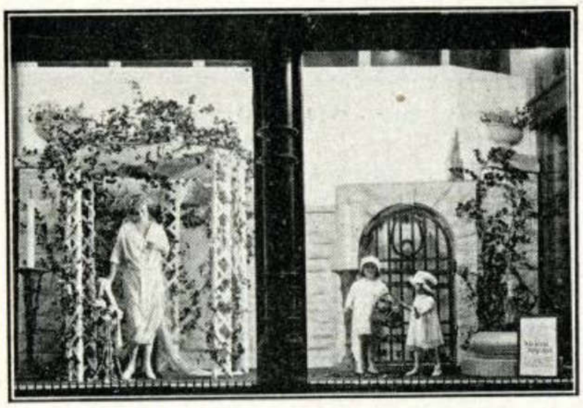
Before the ceremony an eight-piece cut glass berry set was presented to him from fellow department managers.

Another June bridegroom was A. Ferguson—"Fergie" of the receiving room. On Saturday, June 17th, at Home Street Presbyterian church, he was united in marriage to Miss Elsie Johnson. His H.B.C. friends gave him a hearty send-off before the ceremony, incidentally asking his acceptance of a handsome jardiniere and stand for the future home.

Jottings

Mr. Scott, of the hardware, cannot forsake his business associations even on the golf course, for he invariably appears in "hardware," viz, a stiff Derby hat. Perhaps, he was once knocked on the head by a stray "pill" and took the hint.

Miss Dahl—"Dolly," the cashier—has departed for a month's auto trip to Chicago and the south in company with her fiance and his parents. It is rumored that soon wedding bells and congratulations will be in order.



ONE of the outstanding windows of the season—June Bride display prepared by W. H. Davison.

Miss Daisy Curwain, of the office staff, has but a few more days of flapper-hood to enjoy, for on July 7th she will become the blushing bride of Mr. Charles G. Johnson—the ceremony to take place in St. Alban's church. After a honeymoon trip in the wilds of Ontario, the happy pair will return to reside in the city.

New members of the "Auto" brigade this month are Mr. Ashbrooke, draperies, and Mr. Frankish, notions and fancy goods. The former drives a Chevrolet coupe, the latter is breaking in a new "henry." It is thought the "Aughto" race during the May sale whetted their appetites and caused a desire for the real thing, with the object in view of running a winning race next year.

Miss Hilda Goodwin is leaving the employ of H.B.C. July 15th to become the bride of Mr. Harry Whittaker. Her cheery ways will be missed by a large circle of friends. Hilda has been with us for five years, serving faithfully in the dressmaking workrooms and mail order.

Runs On Its Reputation

Mystery has surrounded the recent actions of one of our auto owners. After driving up to the store he is seen to lift the hood and place something in his pocket. On coming out at noon and at night he replaces this thing. The question is this: Does the car possess an engine? If so, is it the engine he removes; and if not, what makes the car go?

Isobel Knox, one of our most popular cash girls, is putting up a brave fight against sickness just now. It is to be hoped that lots of bright sunshine, fresh air and rest will work wonders and soon send her back amongst us looking her old self.

Mr. Atkin is a great admirer of the bobbed hair fad; so much so that he attempted to bob his own hair, with disastrous effects to his beauty. "Clippers up the back" were necessary to make him more presentable.

We are glad to welcome back Mr. Hardiman, custodian of the historical exhibit, after his seven weeks' enforced idleness, the result of a badly sprained ankle.

Mary sat upon a pin
But showed no perturbation;
For some of her was genuine
And some was imitation.

Mr. Hoccon returned from his holidays recently with a broad smile on his countenance. The reason was found in the birth notices—"to Mr. and Mrs. Hoccon, a girl, June 3rd." All doing nicely, thank you!

We are glad to welcome back Miss Wanda Smith, of the pattern department, after seven weeks' illness. Also Mrs. Bell, of the underwear, after five weeks' sickness.

Mr. Whalley is very happy these days, the reason being a baby boy born on June 22nd. This is the first, and we hope he turns out as enthusiastic a grocer as his father. Joe says he'll help swell the volume of business anyway. He has already booked up young *Swain* and *Hoccon* as future H.B.C. customers.

William Swain was presented with a bouncing baby boy on June 11th. They say it has Bill's smile already and will soon be as fat as his father.

It is rumoured, but not confirmed, that Sidney Lovegrove, on his recent vacation, was diligently searching for a wife. At least he was seen haunting River, Assiniboine and Kildonan parks on numerous occasions, twirling his little moustache and dressed "fit to kill."

Congratulations are extended to Mr. L. Jones on the completion of ten years' continuous service in the Company's employ up to July, 1922.

H.B.C. Golf Competition

THE first annual golf tournament among Winnipeg H.B.C. staffs is away to a rousing start with twenty-six entrants paired off for the first round as follows:

Handicap:	
13	C. W. Veysey
15	A. Brock
10	J. M. Gibson
13	W. R. Ogston
15	A. Brabant
13	C. E. Joslyn
15	W. M. Conn
25	W. M. McLean
11	C. M. Thomas
12	F. R. Peirson
13	A. Keele
20	R. J. Hughes
15	A. W. Hood
16	A. P. Evans
35	Q. R. Scott
21	T. H. Upjohn
21	A. Ferguson
24	A. C. Dunbar
20	R. A. Cunningham
30	S. Beggs
26	W. A. Smith
27	W. Pearson
26	J. Whalley
35	L. Jones
40	H. H. Hollier
40	S. D. Gilkerson

Medal play will govern, that is, score by total strokes. All first round games are to be played off by July 5th. A committee of three selected by ballot arranged the handicaps and did their work to the satisfaction of all.

A. H. Keele, of the retail hardware department, a real golf enthusiast, has been elected secretary for the competition. An entrance fee of $2 from each player should amply provide for expenses and for handsome prizes.

Watch the next issue for results.

WHOLESALE—DEPOT

F. May has been appointed associate editor of *The Beaver* for wholesale depot, succeeding W. A. Edmonds, resigned. Winnipeg wholesale branch will surely want to "hold up its head" among other departments in our little magazine. Will the staff please therefore supply all possible items of information and other contributions for *The Beaver* to Mr. May before the 15th of each month.—*The Editor*.

On the eve of her marriage, Miss Tillie Peters, of the H.B.C. candy factory, was presented with a beautiful piece of cut glass and silver spoon. In making the presentation on behalf of the staff, Mr. Eddington referred to the length of time she has been in the service (five and one-half years) and hoped that the small gift would often bring back memories of pleasant days spent together.

Mr. Zachaiko, our zealous hard candy man, took the plunge on June 17th. The lucky girl must have a sweet tooth. Mr. Eddington, in presenting him with a carving set from the staff, expressed the wish that many years from now he would have the pleasure of seeing the carvers still in use.

Mr. Ross, manager of the dry goods department returned recently from a strenuous buying trip in the East.

Mr. Snider (Myrle), although not fully recovered from his illness, is on duty again.

Miss Rosenberg has joined the ranks of our tennis players. Rosie wields a "wicked racquet."

News came recently from Miss Davies, late of the credit department. "Davy" makes us envious with those tales of "peach and apricot" trees in bloom. We are also told of plans for a house in Eagle Rock City one of the beauty spots near Los Angeles.

Friends of Mrs. Benoit (formerly Rose Paradis) will be interested to learn of the birth of a son on May 2nd.

"Hope springs eternal," as Bill Paul says when he fills in his coupon.

General Office News

Miss L. E. Johnston has returned from a very enjoyable holiday at the coast. She visited the Company's stores at Calgary, Edmonton, Vancouver and Victoria, and had lunch in each of their restaurants. Miss Johnston speaks very highly of the courtesy and attention of the staff at these branches. While away Miss Johnston took many interesting photographs of Vancouver, Victoria, and places *en route*.

John Calder, chief accountant, spent the last two weeks of June vacationing at London, Ontario.

Mr. John Hughes, auditor of the Company at Winnipeg, resigned his position and left the service last month.

Richard Peirson, of the executive offices, was married on Monday, June 12th, to Miss Ruth Widder, of Winnipeg, at St. Luke's church. Mr. and Mrs. Peirson spent a two-weeks honeymoon at Kenora, Lake-of-the-Woods, and Mr. Peirson returned to duty June 26th.

John McMurray, of the chief accountant's staff, left July 1st on a fortnight's holidays.

E. F. Mapstone left for Gimli, Manitoba, on June 24th for his holidays.

REMINISCENCES OF AN H.B.C. FACTOR

(*Continued from page 15*)

as a two-year-old grizzly. Landing, we had approached rather close when two more came into view, a large female with her cub, whereupon my lad declined to approach any nearer and made for the canoe. When I had got within two hundred yards of the female she saw me, stood upright and commenced to walk away slowly. I hastened my steps, which made her turn round again, as much as to say, "What do you want?" When she perceived I still advanced she dropped on all fours and came to meet me, and when within about six feet of her I threw my cap in her face, which made her rear on her hind legs, and as she came down again I shot her dead. I then killed the cub. The other by this time had disappeared.

I may claim here that few white men and not many Indians have killed more bear than I have, and I never risked firing at a grizzly further than six or seven feet away. I was often told that I was too careless, but the truth is that I was afraid to fire from a longer distance. If a bear be wounded and he made a rush, I defy any man to make an effective shot, for the bear keeps shaking his head from side to side. All the bear-shooting accidents I have ever seen or heard of in the country have been caused by firing first from too great a distance, wounding only, and then being unable to kill the beast before he had either badly torn or killed his man.

If you meet a grizzly bear he will always rise on his hind legs once or twice. If on approaching and when within a couple of yards of you he doesn't stand erect, throw your guncoat, cap, or anything handy in his face and he will always rise; then as he comes down for the final rush, take steady aim; and a man that misses the right spot from that distance has no business to hunt bear—and will probably never have another chance. One thing you should never do is to turn your back or retreat. If you do so the bear will come on with a rush, and as a man cannot run as fast as a bear, it is fatal to attempt it.

Nine out of ten grizzlies, unless you follow or otherwise bother them, will walk off without attempting to molest you. The only occasion they will attack you is should they have a dead animal "in cache," in which case they mean business almost every time. The large silver tip grizzly in the Rockies, however, is as a rule always ready to attack.

I proceeded up the Nechaco river with my young Indian for quite a long distance and shot a number of ducks, geese and beaver. For some twenty or thirty miles it is nearly all rough mountain country, but further on as far as Bella Coola, on the coast, there are some nice spots and a good deal of fine timber.

In due time I embarked with the H.B. Co.'s boats for Fort Alexander. Once there I settled up my accounts and drew the balance due me in cash. I then continued with the boats to Quesnelle, where I found that my brother and a Mr. Dewdney had the contract for building the first wagon road from Quesnelle to the Cariboo mines.

I joined one of their camps as paymaster at Jack-of-Clubs creek, where I remained for more than a month. The road was about sixty miles in length with a bridge across the Cottonwood river. The bridge and most of the road were finished, however, by the time I joined the outfit.

The gold fever was at its height and new placer mines were being struck all the time. Thousands of prospectors were going in and hundreds returning "dead broke." Men from all parts of the world and of all conditions—military officers, soldiers, sailors, lawyers, parsons, merchants, sons of bishops, men from Cornwall, from Australia, California, Mexico, Texas; gamblers, deserters, in fact men of every kind imaginable, and they would come along and beg work from us to carry them on a little further to fortune, or to help them back, dead broke and disheartened. All along the sixty miles of road there were graves, chiefly of murdered men; some of men who had died of hardships. Such was mining in 1864 in the Cariboo district.

About the middle of October I decided to return to Fraser lake for the winter as a free trader, so I bought a small trading outfit from the merchants at Quesnelle, and engaging an Indian, started up stream in company with some traders bound, some to Stewart lake, some to Peace river and some who were working their way back to Ontario via Peace river and Saskatchewan.

After a fair trip as far as Fort George we parted from all but those going to Stewart lake, with whom we continued to travel as far as Chin Lac, half way between Fort George and Stewart lake. The two rivers here separate and I with my Indian took the branch to Fraser lake alone. When we arrived I commenced to collect a supply of white fish, and by the time I had got some 6000 fish on stage the winter was nearly upon us. I then moved up the Nechaco river to where the trail from the principal Indian villages crossed to the H.B.Co. post. Here I built a shack and passed the winter trapping and trading. By the spring I had made quite a good trade, sold out my furs to the H.B.Co. and found I had come out with $1440 profit.

I then made up my mind to take a run up to the Rockies and across to the Peace river. Accordingly, starting with an Indian, I made a short trip to Quesnelle, to obtain a stock of provisions and ammunition. That done we made good time up to the forks of the Salmon river, and followed that stream to its source, a small lake on the height of land with water running out both ways, one stream flowing down to the Pacific, the other to the Arctic via Peace and Mackenzie rivers.

We crossed the lake and camped where the opposite stream commenced. Here we built a small dam to collect sufficient water to enable us to run down in our canoe to the first beaver dam, which we broke, and then carried on with the flush of water to the next. This dodge we repeated seven times till the stream had become too broad and deep for the beaver to dam.

There was now plenty of water, so we reached McLeod's lake without further difficulty. From thence by a river of five short miles we descended to the Parsnip river, which is one of the main branches of the Peace. This route over the divide was used by traders and miners at this time, frequently with good-sized boats and canoes capable of carrying cargoes of 60 to 80 pieces of one hundred pounds weight each. By this system of rivers a traveller might start from the Pacific at the mouth of the Fraser, cross the Rockies and gain the Arctic ocean at the mouth of the Mackenzie with scarce once having had to put his foot on dry land. The country from the Fraser to the east side of the Rockies by this route is good for nothing in the way of agriculture. There is some good timber and probably minerals—nothing else.

(*To be continued*).

VANCOUVER

England After Eleven Years of Absence

By W. H. SHARPE

OFTEN had I wondered what my first impression of the Mother Land would be when I returned to it, and whether I had retained clearly those old memories. Had I, after eleven years in the land of my adoption, so completely changed that I could never again see England with the same eyes? These thoughts kept chasing through my mind as the Ss. *Cedric* slowly steamed up the Mersey and pulled into the dock.

A few preliminaries of customs, passport, officers, etc., and I was once more in an English train. How small it seemed! But in a few minutes we were away, and I quickly found out that what it lacked in size it made up in speed, for with no apparent effort we were soon rushing towards London at the rate of fifty miles an hour.

London, once more! The same old taxis; the same old rush and bustle of a London terminus! It all came back to me as though I had never left it.

London! The same old place—hardly any change. But the people—how different! The Great War has made many changes, and London ways of today are not those of eleven years ago.

Industrially, I did not find the Old World as badly off as I had been led to believe. There are in some places signs of unemployment, but when one pauses to consider the stupendous task they have had of taking back in their industries some 8,000,000 people previously engaged in warfare one must concede that they have accomplished something little short of a miracle.

It is impossible to visit the London office of the Company without being

DELAYS

"Nothing lost by deferring" is the cry of the procrastinator who puts off Insurance for a more convenient season. Is there nothing lost? Premium rates increase with age and *even if the insurance is still obtainable* at the date when it is convenient to proceed, it will be at a cost that more than offsets any seeming present advantage.

For the man who has no insurance, the time to take out a policy is always NOW. Write for our general literature on insurance.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

Dept. "D.30" **Head Office: WINNIPEG**

impressed with the important part taken by H.B.C. in the commerce of today; the far-reaching interests; the high standing of its officials, and the wonderful prestige that one has in transacting any business, no matter how small, in the various markets for the Company.

One is also very much impressed with the amount of interest shown by the very highest officials in the smallest details connected with our system thousands of miles away. And it arouses a feeling of no little pride to be associated even in a smaller capacity with such an institution.

During the trip from Vancouver to Europe and back, I covered approximately 15,000 miles, and visited Calgary, Winnipeg, Toronto, Montreal, New York, Liverpool, London, Kidderminster, Holland, Belgium, France, Czyecho Slovakia. I left New York on the Ss. *Cedric* on February 25th and arrived in Liverpool on Sunday, March 5th. The trip was uneventful.

My journey to the continent will never be forgotten. It was lurid with many innovations, but space will only permit of the touching on them here.

Wherever I went, a new world was in building—activity everywhere. Especially was this noticeable in Belgium and France. And in the hearts of the men a new life had been born. The working day no longer lasts from sunrise to dark, but an eight-hour day prevails, starting at 7 a.m. and terminating at 3 p.m., when the men go to their allotment garden and raise their own vegetables. Very noticeable was the tremendous amount of money one got in exchange for a little pound sterling, and when going on a shopping tour it was almost necessary to take a basket to carry home the paper exchange, which had such a low market value.

The stores in Europe are large and interesting. The service was good, with merchandise plentiful, and courteous salespeople everywhere.

Wonderfully interesting I found the factories in Czyecho Slovakia, built away in the mountains amidst scenery that many people would pay a fortune to see. Their factories are built under the most modern conditions, with orders on hand that are far ahead of the capacity of the plants.

I left London on my return very thankful for having had the opportunity to once again come in contact with the old-established and reliable business houses, wiser and more valuable to the Company because of the useful information I had been able to gather first hand, and proud of the fact that I was returning to a country that was doing its best to uphold the traditions of its Mother Land in the interests of an institution that ranks so high in the world of commerce.

The Chain of Service

By CHAS. SKELLY

Superintendent

SERVICE is an essential for progress in any business, and lack of service is the cause of many a failure.

A teacher, when examining a class of young boys, asked for a definition of salt. He got many technically correct answers, but the most explanatory to my mind was that of an Irish boy who said, "Salt is what makes the potatoes taste bad when we don't use it." In the same way, service is what makes the business go wrong when you don't use it.

We are all servants of the public, from the general manager to the smallest messenger boy, and naturally the store that gives the best service is going to do the most business. Every employee, no matter whether salesclerk, office help or delivery man, if they want to be successful and gain promotion, must learn the meaning of service.

Service is valuable, not only to the public and Company you serve but to yourself as an individual. You can be of service to the public by being courteous and attentive to a customer, whether she wants to buy five cents' worth or fifty dollars' worth. By doing so you make a friend not only for yourself but for the store, which in itself is a service to the Company you represent, and you have done yourself a service by increasing the sales in your department.

In addition to service, punctuality, courtesy, cleanliness, well-kept stock and a willingness to help a customer in her selection, all go to make a successful day's business.

Service is the best advertisement a store can have. You may spend thousands of dollars on advertising, you may have the best dressed windows in the community, your merchandise the best procurable, the prices lowest in the city, but, if you don't give service, all your other efforts are wasted. Salespeople should remember they are the direct representatives of the Company. The public are going to judge the standard of the whole store by the reflection they get of that store through you. If you are courteous and attentive to a visitor to your store, she is going to tell her friends of the splendid treatment your store gives. If you are inattentive and adopt a careless, indifferent manner towards her, she will tell her friends of the lack of courtesy and the indifference of the store as a whole. She gets her idea of the whole store, either for good or bad, from one employee. So you can readily see what an advertisement of that kind means to the Company you are representing.

Let your reflection of the standard of your store be one that you are proud of. Make up your mind you are not going to be the weak link in the chain, but by being faithful, loyal and helpful, you are going to be one of the strongest links in the chain of service.

HOW TO START A SCRAP WHEREVER YOU ARE

To make a German fight, tell him he can lick the universe.

To make a Frenchman fight, tell him it's "pour l'honeur."

To make an Italian fight, say "No good a da Spaghet'!"

To make an American fight, tell him somebody is slipping something over on him.

To make an Englishman fight, tell him he's getting licked.

To make an Irishman fight, just look at him cross-eyed!

The elevator operators are receiving compliments on the smartness of their new summer suits. Made of a light weight material in the popular sand shade, they breathe the atmosphere of the season. They bespeak the season's "comfy style" too, and show the beauty of summer trimmings in the piping that edges the coat and glengarry. Hose to match—smartness itself.

Long Service Honors

Miss A. K. Smith, manager of the neckwear, lace and fancy goods section, was the happy recipient of an H.B.C. medal at the hands of the general manager on Monday, May 12th. She is the first woman in the Hudson's Bay Company service to receive a medal, and we welcome her into the ranks of the medalists.

Fred Herbert was the recipient of his second bar, as a sign of twenty-five years' service. Few have served the Company more faithfully than Fred, and no man is more highly respected.

T. H. Brett also became of age on this occasion and received his medal. Up to the time the prohibition law came into force Mr. Brett was manager of the liquor store; since then he has had charge of the audit room.

Irresistible Ads

By F. S. GARNER

SOMEONE has said that the greatest advertised article in the world is the Bible, and that its wide distribution is the result of word-of-mouth advertising. If everything the Company had to sell could be advertised in a similar way there'd be quite a lot more money to pay out as dividends to shareholders.

Almost every country has its own method of reaching its people through the medium of advertising, though the following ads taken from a Japanese paper are among the most original I've ever seen, possessing an individuality of imagination unknown to the ordinary western advertiser.

A Tokio draper announces: "*Our goods are sent to customers' houses with the speed of a shot from a rifle.*" A grocer proclaims that his vinegar is "*more bitter than the gall of the most diabolical of mothers-in-law.*" A big multiple store displays a poster: "*Why not visit our shops? We can satisfy your every want. Our assistants are as complaisant and obliging as a father who seeks to dispose of a dowerless daughter. You will be as welcome as a ray of sunshine after a day of rain.*"

Mr. Lockyer's Monthly Message

VII—CO-OPERATION

HAVING just returned from the annual conference of store executives, held at the Company's headquarters at Winnipeg, I am prompted to say a few words relative to this annual gathering.

The keynote of the whole series of meetings was Co-operation. This was referred to prominently by the chairman of the Canadian Advisory Committee, Sir Augustus Nanton, as well as by Mr. Edward FitzGerald, the deputy chairman, and also by Mr. George Allan, Mr. James Thomson and other speakers at the joint luncheon held in the Fort Garry on Tuesday, the 30th ultimo.

To Mr. Gibson, the assistant stores commissioner, and who presided at the conference, must be accorded high praise for the splendid co-operative spirit which he demonstrated on all occasions.

There is no doubt that the Hudson's Bay Company is now operating its stores' business along true Hudson's Bay lines, the idea being to handle the business so that each and everyone will get due recognition and support for his or her work.

I would like you all to think this over very carefully, and to realize that the Company's policy of co-operative attitude opens out a field of advancement and development which is not possible in the ordinary individual business.

The Picnic

By H. R. P. GANT

BOWEN Island has become so closely connected with our annual picnic that it seems impossible to imagine that there is any other place on the Pacific coast that would meet our requirements.

Nevertheless, arrangements have been completed for a day to be spent at Seaside park on Wednesday, August 2nd. The Ss. *Lady Evelyn* has been chartered to carry our merry party to the northwest corner of Gambier island.

From reports received concerning this resort, the event should equal, if not eclipse, any previous H.B.E.A. picnic. The contract for catering has been awarded to C. C. Davies & Company; this includes the supplying of two meals—an individual box luncheon and a generous spread for supper.

It is anticipated that appreciation of the management's action in arranging to close the store for the day will be shown in a record attendance of H.B.E.A. members and friends.

VICTORIA

H.B.C. Float for Victoria Day

Victoria Day Celebration

TO many people in Victoria and Vancouver Island, May 24th is the most important holiday of the year. It is the one day when everyone gives him or herself over to the spirit of celebration, and this year was no exception to the rule. Hudson's Bay Company naturally took a prominent part in the commemoration of England's greatest queen, "Victoria the Good."

Among all the decorations which helped to make the city look lovely, there were none so strikingly tasteful as the groups of Union Jacks floated from the H.B.C. windows and the colors of almost the hundred flags showing up brilliantly against the clean background of the store front.

The large corner window was one of the attractions of the whole patriotic display. The floor of the window was laid with real lawn grass and at each side appeared a raised bed with a centre bush of broom in full bloom. At the back of the window was massed a wonderful bank of broom, in the centre was placed an old and valuable steel engraving of Queen Victoria in coronation robes, and at each side stood figures draped with the national flag.

The Float

The H.B.C. float which entered the parade was awarded a special prize. A young lady seated in the centre represented England, and stationed around her amidst a mass of yellow broom were young ladies representing the colonies, each draped with their respective flag. The accompanying photograph was taken on the morning of the 24th outside the store. Puzzle, find the driver!

Sports

ALTHOUGH not in any league, the H.B.C. cricket team (or teams, for there are several) have played many matches, and by next season should be in good shape to take a leading place in any league they might enter.

So far during the present season the following matches have been played, and while the Hudsonians have not been successful in winning them all, they have put up a splendid showing:

Victoria University vs. Hudson's Bay
Oak Bay High School vs. Hudson's Bay
Ss. Princess Alice vs. Hudson's Bay

The ladies' tug-of-war team, with Sergeant-Major Haines as trainer, plan to enter for the police sports to take place towards the middle of July. So far they are doing splendidly, and we wouldn't be a bit surprised if they should carry everything before them.

Engagements—Congratulations are in order for Miss Violet Gardiner, of the pattern counter, and Miss Marjory Ford, of the stationery section.

We regret to announce the death of Mrs. Davies, formerly cashier on the second floor. Mrs. Davies was a great favorite with all who knew her, and she leaves a host of friends mourning her loss.

Always on Time

Commercial Traveller (to newsboy at a Scottish railway station)—I say, when does the next train go?

Boy (after scratching his head for an instant)—A wee whiley aifter she whustles.

Mrs. Margaret Blair, who is well known in many of the Hudson's Bay Company stores, visited Victoria during the week commencing June 12th and gave a series of interesting and entertaining lectures on health, beauty and dress. The lectures were given in the private dining hall adjoining the *Victorian* restaurant, and were free to the women of Victoria at the invitation of the Company. Each afternoon the hall was filled to capacity, and in the mornings Mrs. Blair spoke to the employees, her remarks being greatly appreciated.

Miss Palmer Entertains

Miss Palmer was hostess one evening last month to a number of her fellow-workers in the office and, notwithstanding the fact that males were notably conspicuous by their absence, had a really delightful time.

During the early part of the evening the spacious lawn at the back of the house was the scene of much merry making and when darkness fell the party went indoors to enjoy a programme of music and games.

Among those present were: *Misses V. Plummer, M. Durick, E. Roff, L. Zarelli, F. Law, J. Burridge and D. Oldershaw.*

Week-End Fishing Trips

Certain of our buyers and managers are wont to wend their way each week end to various fishing grounds around the Island and, according to the tales told every Monday morning, it will soon be necessary to restock the rivers, streams and even the sea with a fresh supply of fish.

In substantiation of the statements heard, the party were seen returning from one of their recent expeditions carrying two great trout or salmon, each measuring at least two inches in length!

Incidently, it may interest a good many readers of *The Beaver* to learn that our fishing friends report that, while on one of these trips in the Saanich arm, they saw at a distance the private yacht *Ylime,* and with the aid of a powerful glass recognized Mr. H. E. Burbidge looking the picture of health.

Fun At Otter Point

SOME five hundred persons attended the entertainment given by the Otter Point athletic club on Wednesday evening, June 7th, in the club rooms. Two hundred and fifty members of the Hudson's Bay Company's staff attended and proved entertaining guests to the excellent programme.

They entered a basketball team against the Otter Point team, who are winners of the North American Life Assurance cup. The match was a close one and some keen competition was displayed. The Otter Point boys were leading at half time, but at the end of the game, owing to some doubt as to the score, the two teams played for the first basket, and the Otter Point aggregation won. Following the tilt, dancing was indulged in. The Hudson's Bay comedy orchestra rendered an excellent musical programme, and an enjoyable time was spent by all.

A buffet supper was served during the evening, and Mr. Stanhope expressed thanks on behalf of the Hudson's Bay Company for the good time given them. Mr. King replied on behalf of the Otter Point club. Members from the Sooke and Jordan River clubs and Victoria Rotarians attended and voted the evening a success.

The line-up for the game which was won by the Otter Point boys with a score of 17 to 16 is as follows:

Hudson's Bay Company—*G. Harris, E. Baylis, Pollock, Richardson and Sewell.*

Otter Point—*R. Clark, G. Stewart, M. Vaugel, M. Fletcher and H. Stewart.*

MEZZANINE?

Approaching the jewelry section the other day, two young ladies enquired where they could obtain some plain wooden beads. On being informed that these were sold in the art needlework section, one of them remarked, "Oh yes, I know, that is up on the jassmine floor," and they went on their way rejoicing.

In connection with the lectures recently given by Mrs. Blair it was advertised in the newspapers that cards of invitation could be had on the *mezzanine floor*. One lady, anxious to hear one of the lectures, was asked whether she had a ticket, "Oh no," she replied, "I couldn't be bothered going all the way up to Menzies street."

KAMLOOPS
Store News

Miss J. Muir, of the shoe department, surprised her fellow employees. She is now trying the married side of life, becoming the wife of Mr. Darlington, an employee of the C.P.R. We extend our congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Darlington.

J. E. Andrews, manager, returned from Winnipeg, very much pleased over the outcome of the conference.

Everybody is glad to see Jimmie Walker back on the job looking more like himself after about eleven weeks' sickness.

Miss Cozens, cashier, gave a garden party to the ladies of the staff and friends at her beautiful home. The party participated in tennis games and golfing, and finished the afternoon with a launch ride on the South Thompson river, arriving back in time for lunch on the lawn, after which dancing was indulged in until the wee sma' hours.

Miss M. Sargent wishes to know if it is necessary to put the brakes on a car while the car is standing on a hill.

James Munn, manager of the grocery department for the past five years, has resigned that position. He is entering the life insurance field. Mr. Munn was succeeded by Harry Strevens as manager. We all know that Harry will make a name for himself in his new role.

Miss Hartnett, buyer of the ladies' ready-to-wear, has resigned her position and is going into business for herself at Smithers, B.C. Miss Hartnett has made numerous friends during her short business career in Kamloops.

EDMONTON

Organizing July Sale

AT a meeting held in the board room to discuss plans for the July sale, it was suggested by Mr. Harker, general manager, that the department managers again be given a free hand on the same lines as during the very successful department managers' sale held last fall.

A committee was formed consisting of Messrs. Johnson, Briggs, Digney and Prest to outline a plan of campaign, with full power to appoint a sub-committee to take charge of the various projects which were decided upon.

Everyone feels confident that this sale will succeed in spite of the temporary depression which has taken hold of the West owing to crop failure last fall.

Give us a bumper crop this year—then watch Edmonton.

Ladies' Basketball

GREAT hopes of winning are placed in the girls representing the basketball team entered for the mercantile league.

The first league game in section B against the government telephone operators resulted in a victory for the H.B.C. girls, 24 to 4. A friendly game was also played with the Fort Saskatchewan team, resulting in another win for H.B.C., 18 to 6.

A team from Tofield also made the trip to Edmonton for a game. After playing full time the match ended in a draw, 20 to 20, but, after consultation with the two captains of the teams, it was decided to play an extra five minutes. This extra period ended disastrously for the H.B.C. team, as the Tofield girls piled up another six goals to one. A friendly game with Ramsey Limited ended in a win for the H.B.C., 26 to 0.

The store team is composed of the following: *Doris McLeod (captain), Mae McGahey, Gladys Barker, Hazel Barker, Rose Tidsburg, Ethel Loley. Reserves—Cecilia Brisette and Violet Blatchford.*

Teams entered for the league are Revillon Freres, Ramsey Limited, Johnson-Walker, government telephone operators, government telephone head office, provincial government, South Side, Y.W.C.A., Edmonton city dairy and Hudson's Bay Company. It is needless to say that such a strong aggregation of teams is bound to promote keen interest in the game.

Great crowds of spectators witnessed this game, and basketball is already assured to be one of the most popular sports for the summer season.

A cup is being presented by H.B.C. to the winning team of the league.

Store Notes

Miss Hattie Stephens has left on a three-weeks vacation, which is being spent with friends, who will visit Toronto, Boston and New York.

Mr. Chasey, department manager of the men's section, is still on the sick list. Latest reports are that he is progressing slowly. Our deepest sympathy is extended to him and his family. J. Harkness, assistant to Mr. Chasey, is filling the breach during his absence.

HOW SHOULD HE KNOW?

Bill Jones was sitting down to breakfast one morning when he was astounded to see an announcement of his death in the paper. He called his friend Howard Smith and said, "Smith, have you seen the announcement of my death in the paper?"

Smith: "Yes, where are you speaking from?"

ROMANTIC?

In the gloaming, oh, my darling,
When the lights are dim and low,
That your face is powder-painted
How am I, sweetheart to know?
Twice this month I've had to bundle
Every coat that I possess
To the cleaner's—won't you, darling,
Love me more and powder less?

Miss E. Rudder, for many years in the stationery department, left on June 5th to be married. On the eve of her departure she was presented with a silver tea service. A host of friends gave her an enthusiastic send-off with showers of confetti.

New Arrivals—We are pleased to welcome the following newcomers to the store: *Misses Martindale, Lofsette, Munson, Holland, Hanson and Nordstrom;* also *Mr. Baird and Mr. Nevin* to their respective departments.

Miss Vera Lolick, assistant to Mr. Briggs in the whitewear section, left on two weeks' vacation.

Miss Lavinia Cox, of the infants wear, also left on a two-weeks vacation. It is needless to say "Vinnie" will have a "whale" of a time.

Miss Moncrief has left the store to be married. A shower was held at the home of Mrs. McLean, of the linen department, on her behalf, and a host of friends from the store were in attendance. Included in the jolly party were *Mrs. McLean, Mr. Lockey* (department manager), *Misses Lockey, Rolston, Buckley, McVicar, Malone, Haig, Dunlop, Roach, Mrs. Wynn and Mrs. McCall.*

Transfer—Miss Belle McLean, department 18 to 38; *Miss Jones,* aisle to department 34; *Miss Gladys Wright,* department 34 to 4, *Miss Parker,* aisle to department 34.

Miss Thibert, of the handkerchief section, is once again in her accustomed place after several weeks of sickness. The whole staff is glad to see "Frenchie" back.

Miss Doris Nelson has returned after several weeks of sickness.

W. R. Boyle, buyer for ready-to-wear, and W. E. Townsend, buyer for furniture, departed for the eastern markets on a buying trip June 16th.

Will those of us who accompanied the ladies' basketball team to Fort Saskatchewan ever forget a certain young lady who, after having stumbled and fallen, exclaimed "Has anybody got a safety pin?"

And will any of us forget the flowery language which floated on the breeze from the fair members of the opposite team?

What were the two gentlemen in search of when they strolled over to look at the scenery, which consisted of only a few clumps of bushes, just before the game commenced? Anyway, after a long dusty drive it is presumed they were endeavoring to find a cool, bubbling brook, and it is also presumed they found it.

The idea of asking "Vic" Smith, who stands six feet seven inches in his stockings, to ride in a closed delivery car! Someone suggested cutting a hole in the roof, but Mr. McKenzie would not hear of it. "Vic" made the trip to the Fort without mishap and proved a real rooter.

Baseball

Three very enjoyable games between the married and single men of the store have been played. Of these the benedicts, under the very capable pitching of F. F. Harker, have romped home with the verdict twice, while the bachelors won one on field day, and threaten to even the score up next time out; but the married folks say "nay, nay, it can't be done."

A Strange Epidemic

A MALADY which it is hoped will not prove serious has suddenly hit the Edmonton store. Strange to say, this epidemic is confined principally to the male members of the staff. For the past few weeks it has been particularly noticeable, and Nurse McKenna has been kept extra busy attending to the patients suffering from this mysterious complaint.

High and low, rich and poor, have been stricken with the sickness. But of all people to visit the nurse's sanitorium or hospital was our worthy dispenser. Official reports as regards his temperature are lacking, but we hear from another authority that only one solitary pill was administered, so the case could not have been serious.

What this strange epidemic is no one is venturesome enough to say, or even make a guess. It may be the winning smile of Nurse McKenna and her kindly, motherly sympathy, or it may be the delights of having their fluttering pulses felt, even though their temperature might be 105. The real reason we don't know, but we do know that our hospital accommodation will certainly have to be extended very materially unless this virulent disease is quickly stamped out.

H.B.C. Girls Win

RESPONDING to an invitation to play a game with the Fort Saskatchewan ladies' basketball team, the Hudson's Bay girls made a trip east last month and returned victors by a score of 18 to 6. A large crowd of supporters were on hand for the Fort Saskatchewan team. W. Clifford refereed and the H.B.C. team was as follows: Doris McLeod (captain), Etheleen McEwen, Ethel Loley, Hazel Barker, Gladys Barker and May McGahey; reserves, Rose Tidsbury, Cecilia Brisette and Violet Blatchford.

J. Prest and Mr. McKenzie, assistant manager, accompanied the team and made all arrangements connected with the trip. Cars were kindly loaned by Mr. Secord, Mr. Robinson and P. Champer.

Field Sports Day

A VERY successful field day was held on Saturday, June 10th, under the auspices of the athletic and amusement association. The weather was ideal. Mr. G. M. McKenzie, assistant manager, is to be congratulated on his ability to get together such a smooth working committee. Every event was put on with vim, and from 3 to 8 p.m. there was not an idle moment.

The first item on the program was an abbreviated baseball game between the married and single men, and it was a "humdinger" from start to finish, the benedicts, captained by Fred Smith, dying hard to the bachelors, captained by Doc. Carmichael. The final score was 3 to 2.

F. F. Harker and H. J. Roberts worked in the box for the old folks, while D. Carmichael pitched a fine game for the youngsters, with Murray Coleman doing the backstop work for the "has beens" and F. Sellers for the "comers."

The next item was the races. These were in charge of Bert Crockett, and were carried off without a hitch. The races brought out the fact that we have some real sprinters in our midst.

Following fast on the heels of the races came the most strenuous event of the day, namely, a football game between the benedicts and bachelors, with Bill Fleming captain of the oldsters and Jack Harkness captain of the youngsters and P. A. Stone in the role of whistle handler, which position he filled very well.

The game ended in a draw, each team scoring a goal, F. Sellers for the singles and W. Fleming doing the needful for the doubles. F. F. Harker in goal for the benedicts made some brilliant saves, while at the other end Doidge in goal for the single chappies was not tested much. The oldtimers were afraid that if they kicked the ball at him he might not be able to Doidge quick enough and the force of the impact would put him out of business, thus depriving the bachelors of an otherwise excellent target at which not to shoot. There were many kicks (or misses) and a few odd tumbles.

Meanwhile the refreshment booth, under the able direction of Miss Bennett and her bevy of charming young ladies, was doing a rushing business, catering to the childers and grown-ups alike. In another section of the field Mr. Pallett was working as hard as the proverbial beaver running a cocoanut "shy." This was a very popular form of amusement all afternoon, and there were many sore arms when the day was done.

To close a perfect day, the H.B.C. basketball team, managed by J. Prest and captained by Doris McLeod, handed an artistic trimming to the team from James Ramsey Limited by the score of 20 to 0, the girls playing a beautiful combination game all through and shooting as though there were a magnet in the loop.

Mr. L. Secord worked hard all afternoon, taking part in baseball and the races, and then, just to show his versatility, took charge of the auction block and made quick work of selling the remaining cakes and cookies, and, assisted by Mr. Pallett, to make a hurried clean-up of the cocoanuts.

From start to finish the day was a grand success, and every one enjoyed themselves, for which we thank the committee as a whole for their unselfish efforts to make the other fellow happy.

SASKATOON

Retail Store News

The "baby" in the family of Hudson's Bay retail stores is exerting every effort to produce its full quota during the semi-annual sales. At the last department managers' meeting a committee consisting of Messrs. McNichol, Horniblow, Sutherland and Hummitch brought in a number of practical suggestions.

Speaking of department managers' meetings, the interest displayed and the lively discussions cannot fail to produce good results.

J. S. Smith, general manager, is very optimistic regarding the benefits which will accrue from the meeting of general managers recently held in Winnipeg.

The granting of holidays to the department managers and staff of the Saskatoon store is certainly appreciated. Everywhere one hears complimentary remarks about the Company. Consideration such as this cannot fail to inspire loyalty.

D. O. Harris, ready-to-wear, C. N. Chubb, smallwares, and F. W. Sutherland, dry goods, recently returned from a buying trip to eastern markets. They were able to obtain many attractive values.

A multigraph has recently been installed in the advertising office. Miss Patton, the operator, is becoming quite expert.

WE'RE AFRAID THIS IS A FISH STORY

Hiram (reading from a newspaper): Dead sturgeon found on a beach.

Mirandy: Oh, Hiram, I wonder if it was the same one that took out Lucy's tonsils.

Alterations on the fourth floor will soon be completed. Mr. Rundle claims he will have the finest department in the store once the carpenters and painters are through. When the dining room is opened it will be a big boost for the fourth floor.

The offices were being remodelled as these notes were written. In a few days everything will be in its proper place.

The sympathy of the staff goes out to Mr. and Mrs. Peter McCartney in the sad death of their little son.

W. G. Cunningham, assistant superintendent, Calgary, was a visitor at Saskatoon recently.

RANK EXTRAVAGANCE

Insurance Agent—But you surely agree to taking out an insurance policy to cover your burial expenses?

Wily Scot—Na, na, mon; I micht be lost at sea!

AS SHE WAS

"How's your cold, Donald?"

"Verra obstinate."

"And how's your wife?"

"About the same."

B. Rowley, card writer and assistant window trimmer, is to be frequently observed in the household utilities. Is this an indication of impending matrimonial entanglements? Someone said developments were expected in August.

F. W. Horniblow, manager of the furniture department, left on June 17th for eastern markets. Mr. Horniblow will buy for fall delivery, and will also pick up lines for the August furniture sale.

Walter Hummitch spends his Wednesday half-holidays at the city golf links. An observer of his game was heard to remark, "As a golfer, Walter, you are a good shoe buyer."

AIN'T NATURE GRAND?

I felt his soft breath on my cheek
And the gentle touch of his hand.
His very presence near me
Seemed a breeze on the desert sand.
He deftly sought my lips
My head he did enfold.
Then he broke the silence with,
"Shall the filling be silver or gold?"

Joe Rundle, manager of the hardware department, and newly elected mayor(?) of Pike Lake beach, was observed at 5.15 a.m. last Sunday madly dashing up and down the beach. At first it was thought he was putting on one of his new reducing stunts, but on further observation it was noted he was clearing the beach of one-piece bathing suits. "Joe" has applied for the complete set of Palm Beach promenading and bathing regulations, which, he says, will be strictly enforced at Pike Lake.

D. O. Harris, manager of ready-to-wears and furs, left on June 17th for eastern markets. He will have a hard time explaining to Mrs. Harris that those trips east are all business and no pleasure. It's his second trip east since May 15th. This time he will buy furs and he will also be on the lookout for snaps for the July sales. He has "pennant aspirations."

What did the provision man say when he found the iceman had disconnected the pipe and the refrigerator was being flooded? Mr. H. says it was like a lady's skirt—short enough to be interesting.

Wonder how "Jimmie" Ling likes playing "bouncer." It is said that between slinging ink and slinging buyers out of the receiving room in the afternoons Mr. Ling is the busiest man in the store.

We also wonder how the general manager got rid of the unwelcome visitor that crawled in through the coal chute.

Our greatest concern right now is if "the baby" will develop growing pains as a result of midsummer sale business.

CALGARY

Retail Store Notes

Miss Bell, neckwear department, has left the store to live at Vancouver. Her friends presented her with a beautiful club bag.

Miss Hutton has been promoted as assistant to Miss Adams in succession to Miss Bell.

Miss Adams and Miss Patton have left the store for a trip through California. We expect to see their respective departments showing us all kinds of new ideas and styles when they get back.

Is it true that Miss Adams was offered a contract to appear with the Famous Players Company while in Los Angeles, and declined only because the July sale was close at hand?

Congratulations, Mr. Mulholland, on winning the coffee pot. It will feel a little uncomfortable on the hip, but will perhaps come in handy to carry water to the old 'bus.

Mrs. Thorburn, buyer of the ladies' furs, is at present at the coast disporting in the "briny."

Mrs. Brown, of the underwear department, has returned from her holiday, looking all the better for it. Miss Slocum, of the same department, is now on vacation, accompanied by Miss Hickey, of the whitewear. They have gone into the bush and are *supposed* to be leading the simple life.

Mrs. McKay, buyer of the whitewear, has returned to duty after an extended trip to the coast which she says she thoroughly enjoyed.

FATHER'S ANGLE

"I understand your father liked Venice better than any city in Europe. Was it because of its art treasures?"

"Hardly. Father liked Venice because he could fish out of the windows."

THAT NOTHING MAY BE MISSED

The professor was ready to perform a chemical experiment before his class. "Should I do anything incorrect in this test," he advised, "we might be blown through the roof. Kindly step a little nearer so that you can follow me better."

We were surprised to hear that Mr. Ross, millinery buyer, is away on holidays. This is a thing that seldom happens with him.

Miss G. Foss has recently been transferred from the selling staff to the credit office, where she holds the position of ledger keeper.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Tyrell are rejoicing over the birth of a daughter, Victoria Mary, born May 24th (Victoria Day).

Holiday time is here, and at present Miss G. Foss, Miss E. Francis, and Miss N. Morris are enjoying vacations.

According to reports received, we understand Lou Doll's performance at the Club House dance, June 14th, must have been "good."

We hear that we have a regular baseball champ. within our ranks. Wonder who it is!

If you want a sensational ride in an auto or tin lizzie, just hire yourself out with Dowty; but be sure to put on extra insurance, for he is a regular daredevil. Potato patches are his long suit.

Jas. J. Reardon has been transferred from the returned goods department to the drapery and carpet department. We wish him every success in his new undertaking.

AN APPRECIATION

EVERY year we have our Field Day, and every year for some time we have been fortunate, in that we have had a few men on the staff who have expended their best efforts in making the thing a success.

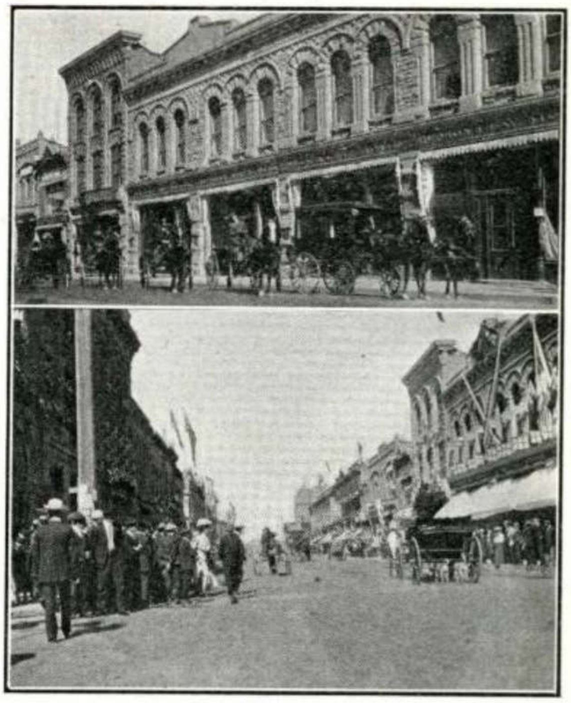
This year, as heretofore, these hard workers contributed to the success of the undertaking. We refer, of course, to the men on the committee handling the festivities, together with their assistants, and especially to Messrs. R. W. Mason, J. B. Neal and W. G. Cunningham, who are always so enthusiastic in making things pleasant for everybody else. It may be selfish to express this idea, but at the same time we hope to have the co-operation of these men for a good long time to come.

WELL KNOWN SAYINGS ILLUSTRATED

"A shot in the dark"—brief visit with the bootlegger.

"He who hesitates is lost"—two kids and one piece of candy.

"Hiding behind a woman's skirts"—it can't be done brother, unless you get a box to stand on!



Above—View of the old H.B.C. store, Calgary, taken by A. Andrews in 1907, when the turnout (in the foreground) won first prize at the Calgary horse show.

Below—Eighth avenue looking west from Centre street in 1906, when street cars and autos were not known in Calgary.

New Committee

IN May the management of the store appointed a "New Business" committee.

As its name indicates, this committee is designed to function continuously in a suggestive capacity in the effort to increase and expand the business of the Company at Calgary. In the words of Mr. Sparling in making the appointment, "we must play 'inside baseball'."

As a start the New Business committee is making a survey of the store with a view to recommending improvements in methods of getting and keeping records of customers and other data which will aid in securing new business, recovering lost customers and increasing business with present conditions of the store.

The chief result accomplished at this writing is the foundation of a listings department, which will keep records of customers both in and out of town. This will make possible more efficient methods of maintaining contact with and the friendship of the public individually and thus of securing more business. Credit for the idea of this new plan goes to Mr. McKeown, of the mail order department, who is working hard in the interests of the store.

Members appointed are: *Messrs. McKeown, Neal, Ross, Brennand and Blake,* who, at their first meeting, elected Mr. McKeown as chairman and Mr. Blake as secretary.

Field Day

ON Wednesday, June 14th, members and friends of the H.B.E.W.A., after concentrating their forces in the city, proceeded in mass formation to the club house at Parkdale by means of special transportation arranged with the Calgary municipal railway.

Reaching their objective about 2:45 in the afternoon, they deployed across the street car tracks and proceeded to make things hot for that ancient enemy *l'ennui.*

As a start in the day's festivities, the athletes of the staff, both male and female, lined up for a number of events which had been arranged by the hard-working sports committee—L. A. McKellar, R. W. Mason, J. B. Neal, G. Salter. Preceded by a fanfare of trumpets (with G. Russell at the projecting end of the trumpet), the boys' race was started, and finished with G. Cunningham in first place and A. Bentley second. Succeeding events were finished rapidly, barring a slight intermission to allow for the annual shower. Following is a list of events and winners:

Girls' race, under 16 years, 50 yards—L. Tyler, N. Cork.

Children's race, under 10 years—Prizes for all.

Men's race, 100 yards—J. Letroy, L. A. McKellar.

Married ladies' race, 5 yards—Mrs. Garnett, Mrs. E. Smith.

Unmarried ladies' race, 50 yards—Miss Thompson, Miss Hope.

Men's departmental relay race (3 on team)—Hardware department.

Ladies' and men's coat race, 75 yards—G. Benson, Miss Wordie.

Ladies' and men's wheelbarrow race, 25 yards—J. Letroy, Miss Hill.

Running broad jump, men's—R. W. Gibson, Mr. Howell.

Running high jump, men's—Mr. Spicer, Mr. Letroy.

Basketball scoring contest, ladies'—Miss A. Cartwright.

Kicking the football, men's—E. Oakley, G. Benson.

Golf driving contest, men's—Lou Doll, G. Cunningham.

Golf driving contest, ladies'—Miss Pryke, Miss Howie.

Golf approach contest, men's—J. Borthwick, H. R. Black.

Basketball game, ladies'—"Browns"

Basketball game, married vs. single men—Married men.

The outstanding athlete of the games proved to be J. L. Letroy, assistant in the men's furnishings department. This young man competed in nearly all of the events and showed fine form and condition.

After the field events were run off, and just before the golf driving contest opened, the prize drawing contest was held. Names of all members of the association were written on slips of paper and mixed up in a box. Then little Marjorie Sadler, whose father was acting clerk of the course, started drawing the slips out one by one. The first prize, a leather golf bag donated by Great West Saddlery Company, went to Miss Irene McLaughlin, of the credit office. Second prize, a granite preserving kettle, went to Miss D. Wright, of the cashiers. Third prize, a double boiler, went to E. S. Villey, of the European sample rooms. Fourth prize, a coffee pot, went to J. Mulholland, buyer of silks, staples and dress fabrics. The graniteware items were kindly contributed by the Thomas Davidson Manufacturing Company.

The remaining twenty-one prizes were drawn for amidst great excitement. After Marjorie got tired drawing the slips out, little Miss Connie Russell, daughter of G. Russell, of the shipping room, took her place. The prizes consisted of $1.00 merchandise bonds, and were won by various members of the staff who have specially requested the associate editor to withhold their names from publication.

By the time the sports were completed, including the baseball game, it was growing dark. Members of the association and their families had from time to time been enjoying their luncheons in the club house, and as darkness came on the club house verandah was cleared away and dancing started to the music furnished by the orchestra managed by Mrs. Clarke, of the grocery order room. About thirty couples of the store staff stayed for the dance. At 8 o'clock Mr. Sparling, our general manager, presented the prizes to the winners of the different events, after which the dancing continued until about 11.30 p.m.

Judges of the athletic events were: *M. G. Higgins, R. W. Mason, J. McGuire. Clerk of course, L. W. Sadler. Starter, G. Cunningham. Announcer, G. Russell, and sports committee as previously mentioned.*

Baseball

WITH all the frills of a big league opening, the baseball division of the H.B.E.W.A., under the guiding hand of the "one and only" Jimmy Neal, got away to a big start when the *Beavers* and *Tigers* of the Calgary store league tangled in the first scheduled game.

When we say frills we mean frills, because all the big sport boosters of the Calgary store were on deck to give the great outdoor game the start it deserved.

John McGuire looked something like a catcher when he donned the outfit to catch the first ball, but his signals got mixed and Ralph Mason, who was announced as the opening hitter, clouted the first pitched ball that Salter threw over for a safe single.

After the usual preliminaries that must take place to make any opening a success, the boys got down to a real game, and after nine innings of good ball the *Beavers* were in the lead over the *Tigers*. Several games of the twelve-game schedule have already been played. The present standing of the three teams is as follows:

1. *Beavers*
2. *Bearcats*
3. *Tigers*

All scheduled games are drawing well, and at least thirty employees of the store are enjoying themselves by taking part. Games are played on Tuesday and Thursday evenings. J. B. Neal, who is handling all the baseball matters in the Calgary store, deserves much credit for the manner in which he has boosted the game and the good spirit among the Calgary store employees.

Pep, Punch, Vim, Snap!

or whatever you want to call it, is the quality of believing something and going after it *hard*.

Don't be discouraged if you run against obstacles; just back up a bit and go around them. You'll get there, for all open roads forward go to Success.

Stick to the open road, for if you take to the underbrush you're sure to get mixed sooner or later in a pool of lies and surrounded by distorted, murky things which will oppress you and make you afraid to move in any direction.

Don't be a nonentity. Nothing is worse than the fellow who sits by the wayside and turns his beliefs to suit each passerby, hoping to get a more vigorous character to pull him along. Such merely cumber the earth.

But lend a helping hand to your brother who is ill or injured, for thus is your success enhanced and enriched. There's room for all, for the procession is always moving, from birth to death. If a new one enters the road to crowd you from behind, there is always one at the end of the road who reaches *his* goal and makes room for you ahead.

Be something, stand for something, believe something.

Get more Snap, Vim, Punch, Pep, or whatever you like to call it.

Musical Activities

WE are much pleased to note that several members of the Calgary staff are active workers in musical organizations outside the store.

At the Alberta musical festival recently held in Lethbridge, these members attended: The Misses Cherry, McCormick and McColl, and Mr. W. P. Spalding.

Miss McColl has been with the Company for a long time in the credit office and has previously won many prizes in competitions for solo work. She took some of the desirable prizes at Lethbridge also. Miss McCormick at this event was a member of the winning choir in the large choir section.

We are glad to note these events, especially because it seems to be an indication that some day we shall be able to form a successful musical club in this branch of the Hudson's Bay stores. May that day soon come!

OH, DEATH, WHERE IS THY STING?

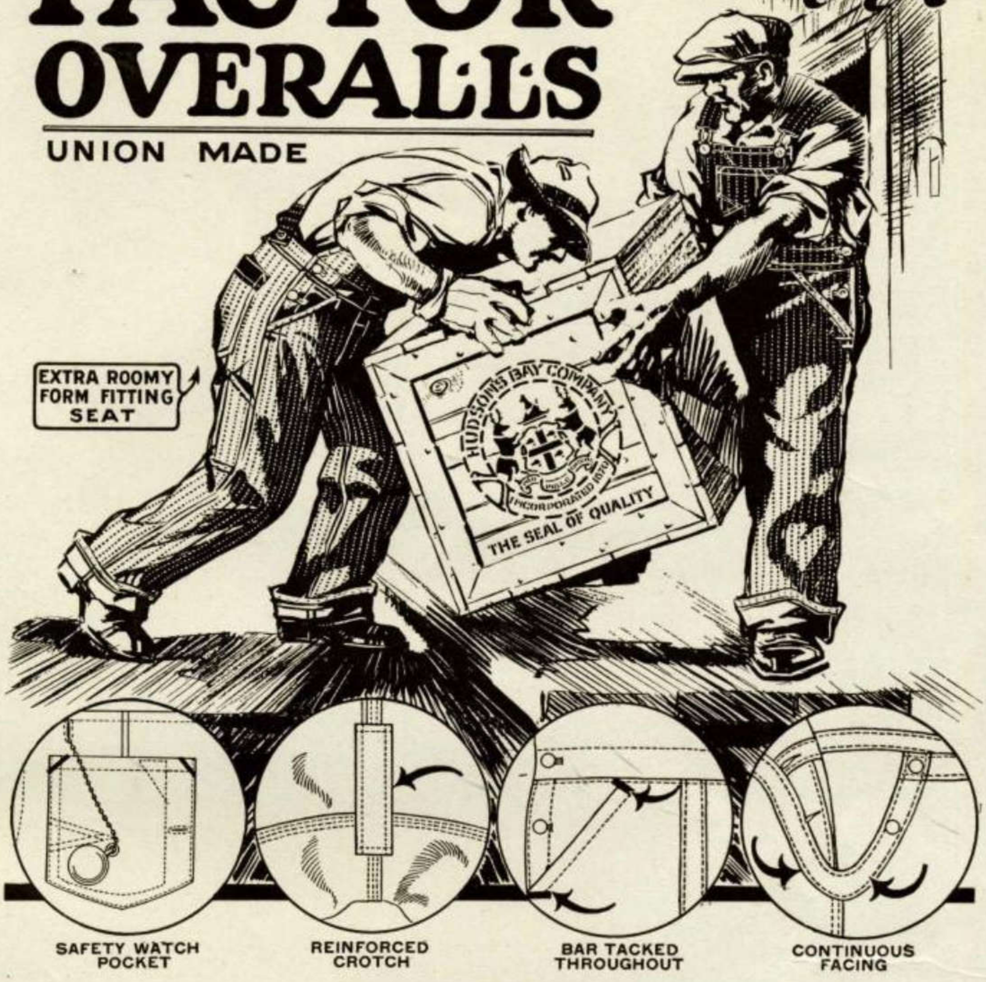
Pat, who had a weakness for the wine of the country, did a day's work for the village priest, and labored so nobly that when he begged for a drink at the end of it the kind man had not the heart to refuse.

"'Tis a nail in your coffin, all the same, Pat," said he, as he poured out a couple of fingers.

"It is that, your riverence," said Pat, as he drained the glass; "but now that ye've the hammer in your hand ye might as well dhroive in another."

FACTOR *Brand* OVERALLS

UNION MADE

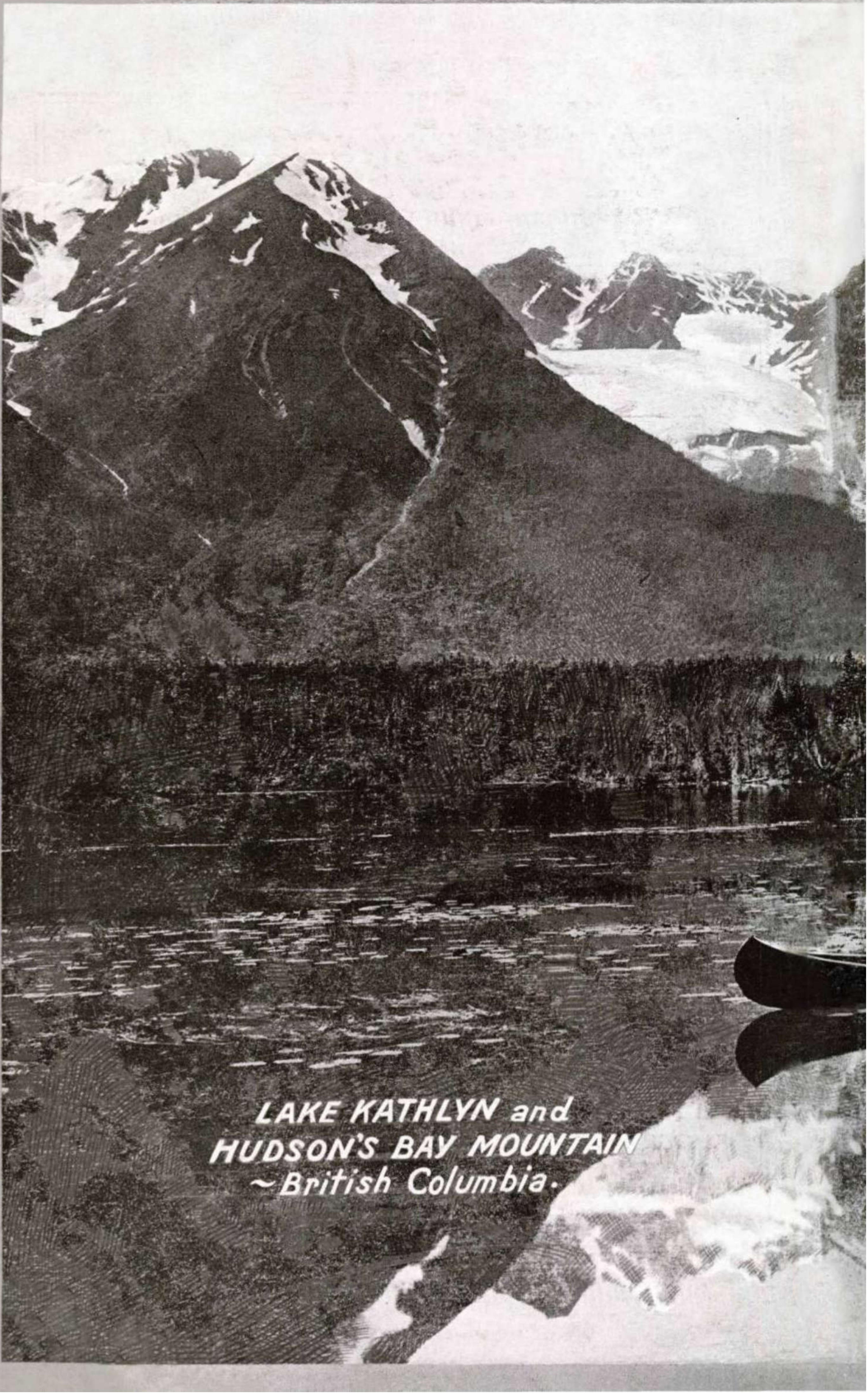

EXTRA ROOMY FORM FITTING SEAT
HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY
INCORPORATED 1670
THE SEAL OF QUALITY
SAFETY WATCH POCKET
REINFORCED CROTCH
BAR TACKED THROUGHOUT
CONTINUOUS FACING

Canada's Greatest Overall Value

EXCEPTIONALLY good work garment, designed and made expressly for the Hudson's Bay Company. Generously cut to give plenty of room for freedom of action. Double stitched throughout, practically rip proof. Unusually large, reinforced bib with new safety combination watch and pencil pocket. Plenty of pockets—seven in all—two front, two hip, one each for watch, rule and matches. Wide crossover suspenders with hinged fasteners. The leg is two-seamed. Continuous faced, two-button vent; reinforced crotch, roomy, well-fashioned seat. Durably tacked at all points where the strain comes. Take your choice of these fine overalls in plain black or blue denim, blue and white striped stifel cloth of the very best qualities the mills produce.

FACTOR No. 1—Bib Overall, in Plain Blue or Black Denim and White Strip Stifel cloth **$1.95**

FACTOR No. 2—Smocks to match above **$1.95**



LAKE KATHLYN and
HUDSON'S BAY MOUNTAIN
~British Columbia.